

THE SUNDAY TIMES

حذركم من الاحمل



BLACK
AFRICA
WHITE
AFRICA
Cut-out and
keep guide to
the new
countries,
rulers & 260
million people

PLANET
EARTH

NEWS DIGEST

10 OCTOBER 1971

'ecoat' boys in ce drugs probe

YS, all aged 16 or 17, have been sent to Christ's Hospital, the famous "School" near Horsham, Sussex, for a police investigation into drug-taking, cannabis and LSD. No police action is contemplated, but Minister, Mr David Newsum, said that the boys have been suspended from the school. The school's investigation has not been completed, "but it is a problem of this term, resulting in a suspension of the boys, where they are not suitable and at risk, would be." Two of the boys are understood to be members of the First Fuzzy XV at the school. The boys are 16 and 17.

h control at n of a tap'

IN New York are at present trying a remarkable contraceptive device—a tiny T-shaped device fitted into the sperm duct which is severed in a very tiny operation. It is still at an early stage of development. The device is a tiny T-shaped device fitted into the sperm duct which is severed in a very tiny operation. It is still at an early stage of development. The device is a tiny T-shaped device fitted into the sperm duct which is severed in a very tiny operation. It is still at an early stage of development.

ng Turks to die

KALIA military court yesterday sentenced 10 Left-wing extremists to death for kidnapping of American servicemen, and bombings. Three others were sentenced to life imprisonment and three were released. The trial was the first since the court was set up after the kidnapping of a diplomat in May.

onel's plot fails

ARGENTINE troops yesterday in a "Colonel's rebellion" in the quiet town of Azul aimed at deposing the President, General Carlos Menem. The rebellion was crushed by the army. The President's plan to return to constitutional rule, with free elections, was rejected. The revolt fizzled in March, 1973. The revolt fizzled in March, 1973. The revolt fizzled in March, 1973.

e water' call

IN DEVON and Guernsey were yesterday that water supplies may be rationed if the present drought continues. In Devon, the Water Board Director Robert Harding, commented wryly: "We are in a long time to recover from a period of Summer-drought. The situation is very depressing. And in Guernsey, the Government, Sir William said the island's flower and tomato industries face "severe financial difficulties".

to missing girl

WERE this weekend working on a search for the disappearance of 20-year-old Ann Bellenger, of Epsom, Surrey, not been seen since she left a Youth Centre on the edge of Dorking in July. A pullover found at the roadside near Cornwall, has been identified as belonging to her and police are now satisfied she has safely completed her walk across the island and was hitchhiking towards Cornwall when she disappeared.

Russell recovers

RUSSELL of Liverpool, 75, a leading figure in the Nuremberg trials and author of the book "The Swastika", was reported to be out of danger in hospital after a serious car accident on Friday in France, in which his wife was killed.

Calcutta

QUAD detectives arrested the cast of the controversial sex review "Oh! Calcutta!" at the end of its Australian tour. The cast was charged with indecent exposure and obscene behaviour, and freed on £25 each. The show had been put on an audience of 60 at a converted cinema in defiance of a State government ban.

blast injures nine

PEOPLE, including four children and an adult, were injured yesterday as an oil plant at Glasgow's King George V was hit by a massive explosion. The explosion, which was heard for miles, caused a massive fire and a large amount of oil was released.

rt at golf match

people were hurt badly when a building 200 people collapsed at a golf course, Surrey, during the Pilsbury World Matchplay tournament, won by Gary Player. The building was a temporary structure used for the match.

h boo Hirohito

NG JAPANESE flags were buried at Hirohito's car and he was booed as he arrived at the airport. The car was surrounded by a large crowd of people who were shouting and throwing stones. The car was damaged and the driver was injured.

US drug hauls

CAN customs officials yesterday seized a large quantity of heroin and cocaine valued at \$9 million in the frames of four paintings. The paintings were seized in Buenos Aires, and in Miami, Florida, and in London. The paintings were worth \$12 million.

for body goes on

IRS were still trying yesterday to identify the body of British outward bound student Robert Wilkinson, who fell 100ft from a cliff in Nigeria, when attacked by a crocodile. The body was found in a pool of water, and was identified by a dental record. The body was found in a pool of water, and was identified by a dental record.

IRA TRAINS GIRLS TO USE GUNS IN BELFAST



This picture by Kelvin Brodie was taken in the Catholic Falls Road area of Belfast last week. He was able to photograph young women in Cumann na mBhan, the women's section of the IRA, being trained to use powerful guns. The three women, who describe themselves as members of the Official Wing, agreed for the first time to be photographed with their

instructor and the array of non-standard arms now at their disposal. These include a French 303 calibre rifle, a Belgian FN 7.62, a light quick-firing rifle of the Sten type, and .45 pistols. Originally more women were to have been at the meeting. But the others, it was claimed, were that night involved in "setting up

defences" in another part of the city. The women emphasised their membership of the Official rather than the undisciplined Provisional Wing, and said they attack soldiers only if they are causing "unnecessary disturbance or grief" in a Catholic area. Two women are now in jail for agitating on behalf of the IRA.

Belfast IRA leader arrested in army swoop

By John Fielding, Belfast

ONE of the top men in the Army's most-wanted list, and the Number Two in the official IRA command in Belfast was picked up in the city yesterday when a motor car tried to slip through a road block. The man, James Sullivan, was in the car with two others when soldiers forced it to stop.

Sullivan's arrest will give a considerable boost to the morale of the security forces and the Government. About 20 other men were picked up during last week, bringing the number held under detention orders to 250.

Despite the introduction of internment, which has persuaded many of the official IRA command to cross the border south, Sullivan has never moved far from his Leeson Street home, in Belfast's Lower Falls. After leaving a bar in Leeson Street shortly after midnight with two companions Sullivan headed in a car towards the city centre. At College Street, within half a mile of his safe house, the men met a road block manned by the 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment.

On previous occasions bluff and his fair-haired wig had successfully kept Sullivan from being identified. Yesterday morning his luck ran out. The car tried to drive through the block but was forced

to a halt. Sullivan made a dash to some nearby houses but as he was running his wig fell off. He was recognised and held. Later, after questioning by British military intelligence, he and his companions were handed over to the Royal Ulster Constabulary.

A second coup for the army came in the predominantly Catholic Andersonstown area of the city just before dawn. A unit from the 25th Light Artillery Regiment on a house-to-house search in Riverdale Gardens found two more men from the wanted list. They were later handed over to the RUC.

Those arrested have not been named, neither would the security authorities confirm Sullivan's arrest, but sources in the Lower Falls area insisted that Sullivan had been taken at the road block.

As a propaganda coup, Sullivan's capture is undoubtedly the biggest success the security forces have had since internment though in terms of the present violence, Sullivan and the official IRA are practically irrelevant. The leadership of the gunmen—the Provisional wing of the IRA—remain at large.

James "Jimmy" Sullivan, aged about 40, a joiner, married with three children, is still the best-known IRA man in the North. The

main leadership, led by Cathal Goulding has its HQ in Dublin.

In 1969, when British troops went into action in the province, Sullivan was chairman of the Central Citizens' Defence Committee, the Republican but non-violent grassroots organisation in Belfast. In this role, he played a major part in the Army's early endeavours to "talk down" the Catholic barricades. He was even—to the Protestants' fury—televised talking in the street with the new Ulster police chief installed at Westminster's insistence, Sir Arthur Young.

The degree of support Sullivan has in his community of the Lower Falls may be judged from the fact that he has continued to live in Leeson Street merely moving to a new house at the other end. The officials' leader in Belfast, Billy McMillen, remains uncaptured.

In an effort to provide water for the 4,000 families in the Whitecross-Ballymurphy area cut off after an explosion at a pumping station, the authorities were yesterday preparing to send in a water tanker. "But if it is interfered with in any way, no more will be sent," said Dr Norman Agnew, chief executive of the water commissioners.

Maudling yields on police and migrants

By Derek Humphry

THE Home Secretary, Mr Reginald Maudling, has given over an important point in the new immigration laws, now in their final parliamentary stages. Commonwealth citizens admitted to Britain with work permits will not be required to register annually at police stations, as he laid down in the Immigration Bill. Instead they will register at employment exchanges.

Mr Maudling has yielded after vigorous campaigning by immigrant and civil liberties organisations. But a key factor in his change of mind was that the Police Federation disliked being given the job and argued that it might damage relations between immigrant communities and the police. The change will be announced this week.

The immigrants affected will be those classified as "non-patrials" under the Bill—citizens of Commonwealth or other countries who cannot prove that at least one of their parents was a United Kingdom citizen. The Immigration Bill, due for its final reading in the Lords later this month, provides that a quota of non-patrials will be allowed work permits to come to Britain for four years, and they must register on arrival and each year thereafter. After four years they may apply for citizenship.

When the requirement to register at police stations was first announced, immigrant and civil liberties leaders told Mr Maudling that people entering the country under the work-permit system would as a result not see Britain in its best light. Permission to enter was based on job availability and not law enforcement, it was argued, and therefore the Department of Employment, which will allocate the work permits, were the best monitors of the new system.

It was argued too, that coloured non-patrials would feel obliged to carry their passports at all times in case the police wanted to check on their right to be in the country. Then coloured people already here would feel they had to carry their passports to prove their right of settlement. A feeling would grow, whether justified or not, that Britain had laws akin to South Africa's notorious pass laws.

Editorial comment page 15

Repairing the human cell

By Bryan Silcock

DISCREETLY tucked away in the current issue of the scientific journal Nature is a report which will throw the world of biology into turmoil and convince the prophets of genetic engineering that the millennium is at hand. In it three American scientists describe an experiment in which they have apparently succeeded in repairing a genetic defect in a human cell, by introducing into it a substitute gene from a bacterium.

"If this is confirmed it will be very important indeed," commented Dr Max Perutz, Nobel Laureate and chairman of the Medical Research Council's Molecular Biology Laboratory in Cambridge. "It would be the first step towards therapy for congenital diseases."

There are dozens of congenital diseases caused by small defects in people's genetic make-up which might be treated along these lines. One is phenylketonuria for which

most babies born in Britain are now automatically tested at birth.

In phenylketonuria the ability to metabolise a constituent of most proteins is lost. If undetected it can lead to severe mental retardation. Equally minor genetic defects are responsible for haemophilia, in which a substance needed for normal blood clotting is missing, sickle cell anaemia, and cystic fibrosis.

The views of another Nobel Prize-winner, Sir Macfarlane Burnet of Australia, show vividly just how startling and unexpected the report is. "It has been suggested," he wrote in a recently published book (extracts appeared in The Sunday Times), "that a normal gene could be incorporated into a virus, and that the virus could then be injected into someone with an abnormal genetic endowment."

"It is proposed that the virus will

infect the abnormal cells without destroying them and will in the course of the infection leave the normal gene behind. The cells, with their new normal gene, will then be able to function normally.

"I am willing to state that the chance of doing this will remain infinitesimally small to the last syllable of recorded time."

Yet this is, to all intents and purposes, exactly what Dr Carl C. Merril, Mark R. Geier and John C. Petricani of the National Institutes of Health have apparently done.

But an editorial in Nature sounds a note of caution, which will be echoed by sceptical biologists the world over. The claim Nature points out, "is little short of revolutionary. It is inevitable therefore, that virtually all readers, having seen the title of this report, will probably find their minds flooding with a priori scepticism and prejudice as they begin to read the text."

"And as Merril and his colleagues no doubt realise and must accept, everybody will be out to find flaws in their work. . . Merril's group have thrown down the gauntlet; those biologists, who through intuition or prejudice disbelieve these results, know how they can accept the challenge."

Continued on page 2

Johnson's side of the Kennedy drama

THE Sunday Times has acquired the British Commonwealth serial rights for the memoirs of ex-President Lyndon Johnson on his stormy years in the White House.

The former President writes frankly of his relations with President Kennedy. He recalls the moment in Dallas when he heard the shot that killed Kennedy and a Secret Service agent promptly sat on his head. He gives his view of the controversies highlighted in the William Manchester account of Dallas and his relations with the Kennedys.

He tells of the day—the only day—when the hot line between Moscow and Washington was used. The conversation in the White House basement situations room was conducted, one man there said later, "in the lowest voices I had ever heard."

He reveals why he never quarrelled with General de Gaulle and how he nearly didn't run for the Presidency in 1964.

The memoirs are full of shrewd and pungent observations on men and history. The man who emerges from the book will come as a surprise to many British readers: masterful, but also emotionally concerned about the black, the poor and the old and the sick.

The memoirs will be published in Britain by Weidenfeld and Nicolson as The Vantage Point. Serialisation begins in The Sunday Times the Sunday after next, October 24.

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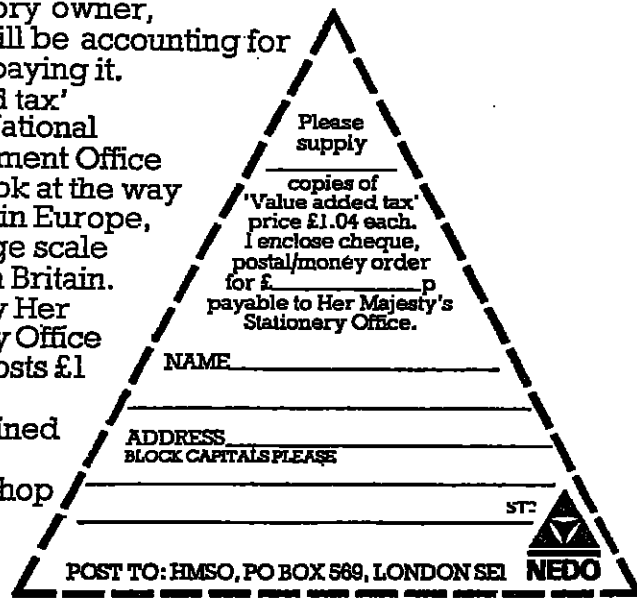


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'Value added tax' was prepared by National Economic Development Office staff after a close look at the way the tax has worked in Europe, and following a large scale industrial inquiry in Britain.

Published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office 'Value added tax' costs £1 or by post £1.04. Copies can be obtained from your nearest Government bookshop or through booksellers.



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Corrosion riddle of Vanguard crash

By Tony Dawe

AN EXPLOSION caused by structural failure in the rear of Vanguard Echo Charlie has been established as the reason for the BEA crash in Belgium a week ago, in which all 63 people on board died.

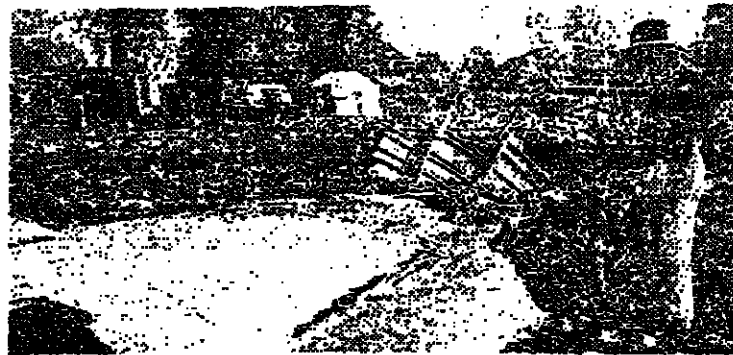
The rear bulkhead, separating the pressurised passenger cabin from the unpressurised tail end of the aircraft, collapsed because of corrosion. The effect, according to one airline safety expert yesterday, is like "uncorking a bottle of champagne". The air bursts out of the passenger cabin with a bang, bringing passengers and luggage with it and wrecking the controls and electrical systems at the back of the aircraft.

The accident inspectors, who have been combing the wreckage all week, believe the explosion may not have cut all the flying controls immediately. The pilot, Captain Ed Probert, may have battled to save the passengers and the aircraft for one or two minutes.

But as he came down quickly the Vanguard's cruising height of 19,000ft, parts of the tail—already weakened by the explosion—broke away, leaving him helpless and sending the aircraft into a steep dive to the ground.

The next problem facing the Belgian investigating commission, which has three British Department of Trade representatives, is to discover what caused the corrosion of the bulkhead. One theory is that spillage from the toilets, which are positioned against the bulkhead, may have seeped into the metal and gradually corroded it over the years. It is quite possible that corrosion deep inside the bulkhead could have gone undetected during maintenance and overhauls.

The future of the Vanguard depends on the commission's findings. If corrosion is a general fault, Vanguards will have to be



Remains of the crashed Vanguard: corrosion in the wreckage

grounded for expensive repairs—which may not be worthwhile on a fairly old aircraft. BEA, which has already converted eight of the airliners in its fleet, may decide to speed up the conversion programme for the remaining nine, eliminating the corrosion problem as they do the work.

For the moment, all Vanguards have been restricted to a height of 10,000 ft—the highest they can go without pressurisation.

The story of what happened to flight 703 from London Heathrow to Salzburg has emerged amazingly quickly from the shattered wreckage. The accident was most unusual—only about one in 12 of all airline accidents occur at normal cruising height and these are usually the most difficult types of accident to solve.

Some of these accidents—a mid-air collision, engine disintegration or a major fire—were quickly ruled out by the evidence on the spot. And three vital clues led the investigators to the answer.

The flight recorder was discovered within minutes of the arrival of the British team of in-

vestigators last Saturday. Sunday it had been analysed in Britain and found to have stopped several minutes before the crash. Clearly some drastic action had been taken, but not before the pilot had put out a Mayday call at 10,000 ft. The flight recorder had stopped, but could not have been faulty, for this would not have stopped the recorder.

This information was up by the second clue—the tail found two-and-a-half miles from the scene of the crash. Normally if a craft dives towards the ground, the tail would not disintegrate first. Clearly something weakened the tail.

It all pointed to an explosion of some sort; either a sabotage or a pressurisation failure. It has taken weeks to solve the investigators found in the bulkhead intact among the wreckage of the aircraft. An examination soon showed it was severely corroded.

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Thorpe slams Wilson Market somersault

MR WILSON'S policy switch over the Common Market was the "most dishonest somersault ever seen" Liberal leader Mr Jeremy Thorpe said yesterday. "It is an appalling piece of political dishonesty," he said. "I don't think he has fooled anybody."

The Opposition Leader had spent any capital assets he may have built up as Prime Minister. Mr Thorpe told pro-European supporters at Manchester. He accused Mr Wilson, Mr Callaghan and Mr Healey—"men of unshakeable faith in the Common Market" last year—"of making 'nauseating attacks' on the entry terms to placate Labour's Left wing and protect their own positions in the hierarchy."

"To hold an election to indulge such threadbare tactics would be

an insult to the electors. Mr Wilson and Mr Heath should hold a free vote on October 28, so that Parliament can speak for the country as a whole," urged Mr Thorpe.

If Labour won a general election from an anti-Market platform, they would, within days, be sitting round the table in Brussels, and having gained a few minor face-saving points, would once again be recommending terms of entry.

Fortunately, there are enough men of principle in the Labour Party to back their previous convictions with their vote."

Liberals had pioneered the idea of joining Europe back in 1958. We have converted the Tories, and at least they have consistently held to the benefits of their conversion," said Mr Thorpe.

Genes

Continued from page 1

This is what the American scientists say they have done: They took cells from a patient with the hereditary disease galactosaemia. In this disease one of the innumerable hereditary instructions (the genes) controlling the behaviour of the individual's cells is defective.

This particular gene directs the production of a substance called GPT-transferase, one of the thousands of enzymes that control pretty well every chemical reaction in the living cell. Its particular role is in the metabolism of a sugar called galactose.

Galactose is an important constituent of milk so that people with this gene-enzyme defect cannot digest milk properly. This can have serious consequences in infancy if it is not diagnosed promptly.

Virologists have known for some time that when a virus infects a cell it may capture one or more of the cell's genes and incorporate them into its own viral genetic make-up. Merrill Geier and Petrician, therefore, took a virus which had captured an intact GPT-transferase gene from a bacterium and used it to infect the defective human cells.

They found that after infection the human cells acquired the ability to metabolise galactose and that this ability persisted through several cell generations. Apparently the intact gene from the bacterium had taken over the role of the defective gene in the human cell.

Biologists I spoke to last week in Britain were astonished that a virus which normally infects bacteria should have infected human cells like this, since viruses are normally extremely choosy about the kinds of cell they infect. When I put this point to Dr Petrician in a telephone interview he agreed that it was very surprising. "But we think it was probably not normal infection at all," he said. "We think that the cells probably took up the virus in much the

same way they would an inert particle."

"The virus did not appear to have any harmful effects on the cells at all," he added.

From the medical point of view the vital question is: could cells created in this way be returned to the individual they came from to cure the galactosaemia, or at least ameliorate it? This is not an experiment anyone is likely to embark on immediately. As Nature comments: "A great deal of hard thinking will have to be put into what hazards might arise from too indiscriminate experimentation with this system."

Dr Petrician agreed. "What we need first is an animal system to try it on," he said. "But we haven't found a suitable one yet. It's a very enticing prospect, but it's not just round the corner. This sort of thing has been discussed in the literature and at scientific conferences a great deal. Most people thought it would be decades away. Now it looks as though it might be a lot nearer than that."

Arms salesman sued over deals

Geoffrey Edwards, arms salesman, is being sued by a retired army officer for commission on deals claimed to be worth more than £300 million with Saudi Arabia and other countries. Lieutenant Colonel Richard Lonsdale, of St. Lawrence, Jersey, is claiming the commission in a High Court action to be heard early next year. He says he agreed to introduce Mr Edwards to friends abroad and help promote his business interests.

Mr Edwards, 50, a wartime group captain and test pilot, is defending the action and says he negotiated deals without help from Col Lonsdale. He says he made an ex-gratia payment of £40,000, but refused to pay more.

No to Hilton

A plan to build a £2.6 million Hilton hotel on a hill overlooking Florence has been turned down by the city's planners on the grounds that it would spoil the landscape. —AP

Incomes policy call by 12 Tories

THE GOVERNMENT was urged yesterday by a group of Tory MPs and economists to drop its hostility towards an incomes policy. Otherwise, they argued, Britain would be plagued once more by the familiar round of balance-of-payments troubles.

"There is as yet no sign that the Government has evolved a method for ensuring sustained growth," said a statement issued by the group. It is led by Nicholas Scott, MP for Paddington South, and Professor Douglas Hague, of the Manchester Business School, and includes 11 other Conservative backbenchers.

They do not actually use the phrase "incomes policy," but their proposals will leave Mr Heath in no doubt that this is what they want. A pay ceiling, in percentage terms, would hopefully be agreed with the unions in return for protection against cost-of-living increases. Pay claims that would break this ceiling could be held up by law.

The Government's Office of Manpower Economics would then take over and study such pay claims—just as the Prices and Incomes Board did before it was and by the Conservative Government. The proposals, therefore, clash sharply with Mr Heath's views on compulsion.

The statement—issued under the auspices of PEST, a Tory pressure group—says inflation must be curbed if we are to avoid balance-of-payments difficulties within two years.

Labour Market-mer seek Heath's help

LEADING Europeans in the Parliamentary Labour Party are urging the Government to try to avoid a showdown over the Common Market when the historic vote on British membership of the Common Market is taken on October 28, writes James Margach. They want Mr Heath to offer a non-partisan motion that would enable Labour MPs to vote with the Government.

There is no suggestion that Mr Roy Jenkins, Labour's deputy leader and the most fervent pro-Market advocate, has been involved in these moves. The MPs have acted independently in the hope of warding off a tough pro-Government-motion that would throw Labour's Market supporters into the hard-core anti-Market lobby.

Mr Heath is in no hurry to respond to such appeals for help. A hard-line motion, making the Market a question of confidence in the Government, would have its use as a way of putting pressure on Tory MPs who oppose

the Market. Mr Heath has insisted he wants to see Europe on a Conservative

A motion seeking approval for the Market principle and avoiding the contentious question of confidence in the Conservative Government would be welcomed by Mr Douglas Ho, chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, and Mr Bob A. Opposition Chief Whip, pro-Market and the figures in search of a satisfactory formula to resolve the internal crisis.

Until the Prime Minister's Cabinet decide on the terms of their Market motion, October 28, both the Cabinet and the Parliamentary Labour Party—the first meet on Wednesday—were waiting anxiously to find whether Mr Heath is to throw out life-lines to Marketeers on the Opposition benches.

French heroin arrests

A FRENCH film producer and a Paris racehorse owner have been arrested in connection with the seizure by French anti-narcotics police of the biggest haul of hard drugs ever made in France—more than a hundred weight of heroin found in a Volkswagen in a Paris suburb this week, writes Antony Terry.

The arrested men are Andre Labay, aged 50, who financed a number of films in French

studios and who owns a factory in Port au Haiti, and Andre Lajoux, known figure at Vincennes track. Labay is said to have police that he was paid £45,000 to smuggle the heroin in a car.

Police say the heroin was inside suitcases in Labay's car after he shadowed him 2 from the centre of Paris home in the suburbs.



This year, don't waste money on Christmas cards.

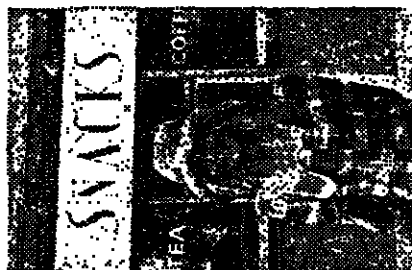
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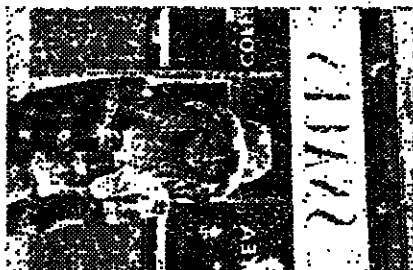
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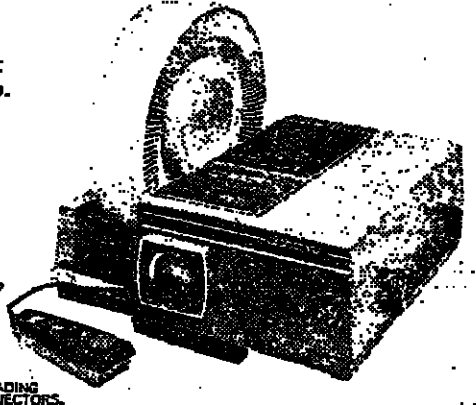
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هكذا من الاجل

صحة من الاعمال

Robin Lawrence

Britain loses key bureau in Moscow's revenge purge

By Ed Stevens, Moscow

SOVIET reprisals for Britain's mass expulsion of Russian officials looked less drastic in the morning light than when the announcement was first made on Friday evening. Once the smoke had cleared, it was seen that only five Britons—four diplomats and one business man—were actually being ordered out of Russia. These were Embassy First Secretary Philip Hanson, Second Secretary Ann Lewis, Assistant Naval Attaché Lieut.-Cdr. Anthony Wolstenholme, Head of Registry Alan Holmes, and Vladimir Hultigen of Rank Xerox.

The other 19 names on the list included three businessmen who held Soviet visas—Martin Lorentz of Goldelitz, the sugar exporting company, Mark Ingram of General Electric, and L. Shalit of an unidentified machine tool firm. Mr. Ingram was among people accused by Pravda only last week of collecting economic intelligence during a previous trip to the Soviet Union, a charge denied by a GEC spokesman in London.

The remaining 10 declared persons non grata were specialists in Soviet affairs who had at one time served in the British Embassy in Moscow, but none of them is posted here at present.

Compared with the total of 105 Soviet officials hit by the British order, the number of Britons expelled seems little more than a token gesture. In fact, though the impact of the reprisals is more than sheer numbers would indicate.

For instance, Mr. Hanson and Miss Lewis were the last remaining members—two predecessors were expelled earlier this year—of the Embassy's Russian Secretariat, whose function is the study and assessment of internal Soviet affairs. So dismantling of the Secretariat is a serious handicap to normal functioning of the Embassy. Moreover, the permanent ban on 10 former staff members complicates the replacement.

From the personal standpoint, the hardest hit is Philip Hanson, 35, a fluent Russian speaker and



Banned: Alee Nove (left), David Senior. Expelled Ann Lewis

expert on the Soviet economy, who was seconded from Birmingham University on a one-year contract and arrived in Moscow only last month. Professor Robert Davies, head of the university's Centre for Soviet and East European Studies, said yesterday: "He is one of the major international experts in the field."

The expulsion of Tony Wolstenholme was not unexpected. He was one of four British naval officials accused by Izvestia last August of snooping around Soviet naval installations, a story described by the Embassy at the time as "fanciful." Wolstenholme, 32, from Harrogate, has been here just over a year and was due to serve another year.

Alan Holmes, 31, from Wrexham, Denbighshire, who arrived last June, was the least upset; his is an administrative post, and he has no special expertise in Russian affairs and would be only too happy to return to Paris, his previous post.

Hanson, Wolstenholme and Holmes are all married, with young children.

Ann Lewis, 31, an attractive blonde from Leeds, is by career a Soviet specialist and has served in Moscow since June last year. She said yesterday that she was

"quite upset" at being forced to leave, adding: "I am not aware of having done anything against Soviet security" (as alleged in the Foreign Ministry note).

Vladimir Hultigen, born in Britain of Russian émigré parents, has sold the Russians several million pounds worth of copying machines in the last two years, as resident representative of Rank Xerox. He is now in Leningrad, where the Embassy has been trying to contact him. Mr. Hultigen is engaged to a Canadian girl of Georgian origin, Miss Linda Osachoff, and friends said they had planned to marry in Moscow this December.

Contrary to earlier fears, neither the 200-odd British engineers and technicians working in the Soviet Union nor the British Press correspondents were affected by the reprisals.

Of the other Soviet retaliatory steps, the Embassy most regrets the cancellation of Sir Alec Douglas-Home's Moscow visit, scheduled for January. But it is believed the visit might be reinstated if relations improve. The same would apply to the present freeze on the activities of the various joint Anglo-Soviet commissions and committees on economic and cultural matters.

Embassy officials here privately agree that, all told, the Soviet reaction was more restrained than they had anticipated. They voiced relief that the tension and cliff-hanging of the last two weeks was now over.

Other Britons on the banned list are:

Harold Formstone, former Second Secretary (commercial) at the Moscow Embassy, now working for the Department of Trade and Industry in London, in the export planning and development division concerned with trade promotion overseas. He was at the British Exhibition in Leningrad last week, but arrived back a few hours before the Soviet announcement.

Dr. Eric Alexander, 55, former Scientific Counsellor at the Embassy, who had previously been with the Admiralty.

Mr. Alan Rothnie, 51, Commercial Counsellor from 1965-68, now British Consul-General in Chicago.

Mr. Robert Longmire, former First Secretary and head of the Russian Secretariat, now in the Foreign Office Research Department.

Mr. Brian Sparrow, former Commercial Second Secretary, now in the FO's East European Soviet Department.

Mr. Geoffrey Murrell, one-time Second Secretary in the Russian Secretariat.

Mr. Ray Hutchings, another former member of the Secretariat, who has now left the Diplomatic Service.

Dr. David Senior, of Amersham, Bucks, an electronics engineer, who was Scientific Attaché—the first from a Western country to take up a post in the Soviet Union, during the Greville Wynne trial in Moscow in 1968. He was alleged to belong to a "spy network."

Mr. John Scott, former member of the Secretariat.

Professor Alee Nove, 55, who holds the chair in international economic studies at Glasgow University. Born in Leningrad, he came to Britain as a child and after a civil service career, was seconded to the Moscow Embassy for just six months in 1956.

again,
again'
se blow
350

Alex Finer

Mediterranean cruise
than 350 Britons, due
on Genoa on Tuesday.
Some of the
not get the boat news
crow. Those who have
doubtly angry about
because the
been an "on again,
off again" affair.

they were booked by
of London to make
in the 14,976-ton
teen, which was built
years ago as an aircraft
he had mechanical
much of the same
1952-53 all remaining
other were cancelled.

Cosmos Tours he
had reached an agree-
by Costa Line Cruises
commodate Cosmos
ers on another ship.
C. Brian Bament, of
Tours, says, "Now that
the planes to take
to Genoa and we
our passengers to
Costa Line on their
fact, a first batch of
clients are now
a cruise in the

Friday the Cosmos firm
the Costa Line's
principals could not oper-
the cruise, one pas-
senger, Mr. W. H. W. W.
Cornwall said angrily
"My wife and I booked
with Cosmos on the
been in February. Last
heard that this had
cancelled and were offered
live cruise. Now this
cancelled." "Cosmos",
added, "seemed to
we were doing us a
refunding our money."
es varied from £49 to

Cosmos Tours and
Line, which was the
were accusing each
being responsible for
situation. A spokesman
Line said: "Cosmos
agree terms with us."
ment of Cosmos said:
were agreed and work-
until Costa Line told us
they could not operate
Costa Line was not
for further comment

Tours tried to reach
passengers as possible by
Friday night. Letters
refunds will reach
tomorrow. And a
300 passengers booked
travellers will also receive
We are left with no
said Mr. Bament.
een a bad season for
ours and Sovereign
oint owners of the
eued Galaxy Queen,
laid out well over £1
refunds and in refunds
for sale.

e-wheelers new deal

n Central London was
yesterday as 300 hand-
vers demanding a new
their much-criticised
free-wheel carriages to
owning Street.
ended in a petition de-
he right to a small car
the State-provided in-
ages, an immediate in-
the £5 annual petrol
vehicle maintenance
Mr. Heath has agreed
deputation to discuss
ed drivers' plight.

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13 Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

Patron: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother.

Second-hand car loophole reopened

CAR RACKETEERS who sell dan-
gerous, rebuilt vehicles to
unsuspecting customers can look
forward to richer pickings in
future. A four-year voluntary
scheme to outlaw these potential
death-traps has been abandoned
by the British Insurance Association
and the Department of the
Environment.

But not only was there no
public announcement when the
scheme was suspended a month
ago; the motoring organisations
were not told about it either. The
BIA says: "This will have the
effect of reviving the operations
of shady repairers who rebuild
cars which have been damaged
beyond an acceptable repair
standard."

The scheme to keep the roads
free of resurrected write offs was
simple. When an insurance
company judged a car to be a
complete write off, it would send
the registration book to the
licensing authority to be stamped
"Seriously damaged vehicle—
insurance total loss payment."

A car with an unendorsed log-
book can fetch a fairly high price

in the second-hand market be-
cause the purchaser has no way
of knowing that what he is
getting may be a former wreck.
On the other hand, it is almost
impossible for a dealer to sell a
rebuilt vehicle if its log-book
has been endorsed, however good
the repair job.

Motor trade organisations and
insurance companies both claim
that most crashed cars used to be
written off for economic rather
than mechanical reasons. They
say that assessors judged the
repairing of a badly crashed car
to be more than its market value
and therefore it was cheaper for
insurers to pay out than foot
the repair bill.

Now both the British Insur-
ance Association and the Depart-
ment of the Environment say that
the voluntary reporting scheme
has been dropped because im-
proved repair methods can turn
cars that would have been writ-
ten off in the past for purely
economic reasons into safe and
paying propositions.

A research centre set up by
the BIA and Lloyd's to examine
new repair methods has already
saved £500,000 in write offs and
repair bills this year. A new
system for mending car doors at
a fraction of the old cost has
been devised and the researchers
will soon bring out a report on
results of their experiments into
new methods of paint spraying.

Mr. Frank Higham, director-
general of the Motor Agents
Association, says: "There is no
question that many cars can be
repaired to a mechanically first-
class condition because they have
been written off for purely
economical reasons. But an en-
dorsed log-book reduces any
chance of a profitable repair."

John Ball

400 miles of marching

EIGHT OFFICERS and men of
the Green Jackets will next
month begin a 400-mile march
across the toughest country in
the world, writes David Dine.
Across mountain ridges and deep
valleys that will vary sometimes
from 3,000 to 13,000ft in a single
day, they will move across the
spurs of the Himalayas from a
base camp near the Sikkim border
to Khatmandu.

The journey will be divided
into two phases. Leaving the last
metalled road at Dharan, the
headquarters of the British Line
of Communication in Nepal, the
first phase will involve a nine-
day approach march to the Tamur
river in N.E. Nepal, where a
base camp will be set up. From
there the members of the ex-
pedition, led by Captain Mervyn
Lee, Royal Signals, will fan out
on collecting missions on behalf
of the British Museum of Natural
History, working up as high as
18,000ft.

After about three weeks of
collecting, specimens will be sent
back to Dharan, and the eight
members of the party, carrying
their own supplies and with just
four porters to help with camera
equipment and other essentials,
will strike west for Khatmandu.
Supplies will be held to mini-
mum and the expedition will live
off the country—basically rice
and potatoes with the odd
chicken or goat thrown in. "It
will pass south of Everest and
Kangchanjunga."

Handling for the thinking businessman: YIELD



Isn't it time you abolished capital punishment?

Undoubtedly, you could think of lots of things
to do with your capital, other than tying it up in
handling equipment.

Or could you.

Handling costs could easily be accounting for
about 30% of your manufacturing costs.
So isn't handling something to be invested in, very
carefully?

Look at it two ways: when you purchase lift
trucks outright, then you'll want a high yield in
terms of truck performance and reliability.

Otherwise the capital you invest comes in for a
fair amount of punishment.

The other way to look at the situation is to
look into leasing or renting your new lift trucks.
This way you abolish the idea of punishing capital
because you don't spend even a penny of it.

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largest in the world) we'll give you trucks that really
perform. That 30% could come down a few points.

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What can you do to help? Simply this. Walk into any restaurant, ask to see the wine-list before you look at the menu, and if there's no sign of KlosterPrinz, summon up the sort of resonance employed by Sir Laurence in the address before Agincourt and say: "What's this? No KlosterPrinz? Has everybody gone mad?"

Then, while minds are boggling all around you, crunch up the crisps and check out. Now, some of you may well regard this as an odd way for the British to behave.

But that really depends on whether you believe in the end justifying the means. A point on which KlosterPrinz connoisseurs would be quick to give reassurance: it's well worth fighting for.



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Tories will clash on law and order

GRASSROOTS Tories who want tougher penalties for violent criminals will put powerful pressure on the Government, and especially the Home Secretary, Mr Maudling, at the Brighton conference this week, writes James Margack. They want reforms in the criminal code which will ensure longer sentences for the worst types of murder.

The opening session on Wednesday morning, devoted to Freedom under the Law—the new title for the old Law and Order issue—will bring a collision between a large mass of the 5,000 delegates and Mr Maudling, who is regarded by many Tories as being too "liberal" and "soft" over our murder laws and the punishment of violent offenders. There are 50 motions on the agenda, most of them demanding a much tougher line by the Home Secretary, the judiciary and the police.

Central to the showdown will be the demand made by the group of Conservative lawyers which recommends in a report this week-end that trial judges should have the power to sentence murderers to a specific number of years, which would replace the present system of "life" sentences which often means that murderers are released after nine years or so.

At this week's party conference, Mr Edward Gardner, MP, QC, chairman of the lawyers' group, will press the demand for a one-clause amendment to the present Homicide Act requiring judges to sentence convicted murderers to the number of years the bench decides is appropriate, instead of leaving it to the Home Office, in consultation with the Board, to release them from prison. In some cases murderers serve shorter prison sentences than those convicted of manslaughter.

Mr Gardner and his group will have the support of the majority of the conference in their demand, too, that criminals convicted of persistent violent crimes should receive the maximum sentences.

Mr Maudling, under this mounting pressure from the constituencies, will state that he is awaiting the report from the Criminal Law Revision Committee now studying the case for reviewing the present sentence procedure for murderers, and will be ready to consider major reforms on the recommendations made. He is also likely to look forward to the important reforms coming in the legislation he is drafting for the reform of the criminal law, when one of his main proposals will be to compel those convicted of violent crime to make restitution to their victims.

Hospital alert for thief

Nurses and other staff of three London hospitals—University College, Middlesex and Royal Free—have been warned to look out for a tall, young "foreign-looking" man who for the past six months has been riding patients' handbags.

He has got away with at least 70 purses and 30 cheque books. If cornered he fights his way out. Three assaults on nurses in University College Hospital have been reported in the last month.

Lady Fleming

The Greek Justice Ministry yesterday sent two professors of medicine to examine Greek-born Lady Fleming in jail, and prepare a full report on her condition. Lady Fleming, aged 62, suffers from diabetes and a chronic abdominal condition.



BROADCASTING in Britain is again under attack. The BBC in particular is increasingly charged with making unfair programmes, silly programmes, dirty programmes. BBC staff members show rising sense of persecution. Battered by the row with the Labour Party over Yesterday's Men, bruised by the slings and arrows of outraged Conservative MPs, pierced by the tiny darts of the crusaders of the Festival of Light, they were crushed last week by the news that Lord Hill, their Chairman, had apparently sold out to the establishment by appointing three of its most venerable pillars to sit in judgment on their work.

It was widely seen as the final betrayal. In a letter to The Times Sir Hugh Greene, a retired Director-General and Governor, looked back in sorrowful contrast to the "strong and courageous" chairman of the past. Within the BBC, the old stereotype of Lord Hill appeared again: the ageing political warhorse who had been trotted out from the Independent Television Authority by Harold Wilson as his personal two-fingered gesture from Downing Street to Broadcasting House.

The irony was that Lord Hill, gravel-voiced, white-quilled, baby-faced as ever at the age of 67, was in fact struggling to give the BBC such help as his long-service political antennae could devise. The fate the BBC really dreads is a Broadcasting Council—an outside body which might facilitate Parliamentary raids on Corporation programmes and finances. Although Lord Hill could not say so, his Programme Complaints Commission was designed (as Sir Hugh perceived in another part of his letter) to ward off this threat. The three Commissioners—Lord Parker, Lord Maybray-Kin and Sir Edmund Conway—would let nothing of real importance go outside the great Corporation family.

But there is a second, deeper irony. Far from plugging a gap in the BBC's defences, the announcement about the Commission has opened one. "It is regarded," said a closely concerned member of the Government last week, "as the BBC conceding that the Governors can't act as trustees of the public, and yet not setting up a body to adjudicate over areas of public concern."

The main areas of concern are sex, violence, bias and triviality. Lord Parker is not to get into them. Under terms of reference which he himself helped to draw up, he is only to consider "complaints from individuals or organisations claiming themselves to have been unjustly or unfairly treated in connection with a programme or a related series of programmes as broadcast."

THE CHIEF DRIVE to open the BBC's concession wider comes from Conservative MPs. They are as unhappy about BBC standards as they have ever been (and it is a fair bet that by the time the Conservative Party conference this week they will be unhappier). Even before the Parker announcement, chairman of the 1922 Committee of Conservative backbenchers, had asked its broadcasting sub-committee to consider whether a Broadcasting Council was a good thing. The sub-committee concluded that it was. Its members are to present the 1922 Committee with their findings within the next month. Julian Critchley, its secretary

and MP for Aldershot, has now written to Sir Harry to fix a date.

Mr Critchley, whose opinion of television was understandably influenced by a long spell of enforced viewing as television critic of The Times, is a leading advocate of the Broadcasting Council idea. He argues that such a Council would improve what he believes to be the unsatisfactory relationship between the BBC and Parliament; in other words, it would subordinate broadcasters to MPs at last. But like that, the idea can hardly fail to win rousing approval, and the strength of backbench feeling will be reported to Mr Christopher Chatway, the Minister of Posts and Telecommunications.

Mr Chatway, an old broadcaster himself, has not so far thought much of the Council idea. But he can confidently be expected to take due account of massed backbench opinion in its favour. He will certainly now do what he might otherwise have avoided: he will include the whole question among matters to be looked at by the body which must be appointed within the lifetime of this Government to consider the shape of British broadcasting after 1976, when current terms run out. In expectation of that review, pressure for a Broadcasting Council will persist and strengthen. On the Labour side two former television producers are active—Mr Jack Ashley, ex-BBC, and Mr Phillip Whitehead, ex-ITV.

"CONTROL" Censorship. Suppression. However the words are packed in the clamour for a Broadcasting Council, those are the ones built into the argument. That is the BBC's overt case against a Council, as voiced last week by the Chairman of its Governors, Lord Hill. On this view, the matters of which Conservatives complain are matters of taste and opinion. The BBC believes that control of such questions is central to the function of its Governors. If they lose it, the whole Corporation surrenders authority and responsibility to outsiders. The matters which the Parker Commission is to examine will be matters of fact, and nothing else.

But there are more important, covertly expressed objections too. A Broadcasting Council would not be quite like the Press Council, a parallel often put forward by the BBC. The papers at first tried to head off with a patry of their own, and now find innocuous and even helpful. A bad report from the Press Council is published, faces

Has Lord Hill got it wrong?

John Whale tells the intriguing story behind the BBC's Just Men—and why the Complaints Commission may open way to Parliamentary control of broadcasting

are red, and that is the end of it. No other punishment can follow. But the BBC depends massively on Government goodwill: the Government licenses it to broadcast, allots its frequencies, collects its revenues. A bad report from a Broadcasting Council—no mere self-criticism, but a semi-official rebuke—might well influence Parliament to cut off those signs of goodwill.

THE BBC denies that the Parker appointment was meant to head off the Broadcasting Council idea. But Lord Hill is known to feel that if you detect a weakness in your case against your critics, it is your job to put it right. At the beginning of this year (just after public discussion of the Council idea had been sharpened by the publication of a Critchley pamphlet about it) he seems to have found such a weakness—the lack of proper opportunity for victims of criticism to reply to it. The Talkback programme was not thought enough. In March the



I interpret this step as the payment of Danegeld, a clumsy and short-sighted attempt at appeasement.

Sir Hugh Greene

BBC Governors, with Lord Hill in the chair, passed the problem down to the senior officials who make up the Board of Management.

While they were mulling it over, BBC television screened Yesterday's Men—the programme about Labour in opposition which Anthony Crosland accurately described as "good, cheap entertainment." When the Board of Management, impressed by the resulting bipartisan furore, came back to the Governors with a scheme, it was found to go wider than the kind of institutionalised right of reply first thought of. It provided for a second opinion. The plan was that after the BBC Council made its own response, a complainant could still have recourse to a new three-man Commission.

The Governors fell gratefully on the plan, and the three just

men were duly recruited: figures so immensely senior, in past offices held (Lord Chief Justice, Ombudsman) as well as in years, that even the loftiest BBC man could not take their rebukes amiss, or so it was hoped. They were shown their brief—Lord Parker "clarified the English" a little—and the whole scheme was given the Board's final seal of approval at the end of last month.

IT WAS at this stage that things began to go wrong. First, there was the untidy announcement. The three Commissioners were to have been unveiled at a Press conference last Tuesday, after a variety of liaison committee had been told first. But a well-known BBC television front man happened to mention the plan to a Sunday newspaper woman during a lunch-party at the Labour Conference at Brighton last weekend, so the word got out in incomplete form two days early. The Press conference was cancelled, and Lord Hill had to unload what he wanted to say with a gathering of medical journalists later in the week.

Then there was the far greater embarrassment of Sir Hugh Greene's letter to The Times. After nine years as the BBC's Director-General, Sir Hugh had been a Governor for two. For reasons he left the Board at the end of August. Till then he had been a lone voice against the Commission idea; but he resigned before it was finally ratified, which allowed the BBC to say with perfect truth that the Governors' decision was unanimous.

Now here he was at the top of the letter column in The Times, declaring himself horrified. "I am unable to see what these three distinguished but elderly gentlemen can possibly do that wouldn't be, and hasn't been, better done by the Director-General and, when necessary, by the Board of Governors. I interpret this step as the payment of Danegeld as a clumsy and short-sighted attempt at appeasement of those in and out of politics who have been calling for the establishment of a Broadcasting Council."

The consternation was profound. Attempts were made by Hill men to suggest that this was long-suppressed pique on Hugh's part at having been hoisted upstairs by Charlie two years before, or that if he had felt so strongly he should have stayed and fought the decision instead of going off to run the family brewery or see a book of his being televised by Thames. The fact remained that he had

been on the Board of Governors throughout the scheme, and he now gave an account of its genesis substantially from the Chairman's point of view. Almost as bad, a go members of the BBC staff with his reading "A 1 in the wrong direction radio producer; and th fears that the same timid be reflected in broadc One prominent televise dismissed the letter as "illiterate in bra dealing with matters a not questions of fact but about the way a medium led; and they won't take from the people directly the writers, the repro producers." (The Con constitution says neither will take such evidence they will not.)

TRUE TO FORM, the dent Television Auth trodden very much the and had very little of mud stick to it. The Aut was caught short in t of timing; it had not announce its own i emptive machinery und of the year, and was the by the BBC. But apart it has given the BBC a political addressness. It stalled Conservative obj saying that its new o plans committee will allowed to pronounce o of taste; but because mittee remains in chairman, Sir Ronald the ITA's deputy already—the Authority nothing away in sovereignty. No dama cedents are set up.

Both the BBC and already totally in the ment's hands. Under Licence and Agreeem Television Act, the Gc has the power to com either to broadcast o from broadcasting w likes. In fact that power virtually unused, excep time J. B. Priestley, most successful Worl broadcaster, was more kept out of the studi Churchill. Governmenta diction of Left-wing re Dr Charles Hill still re his reassuring way as Doctor.

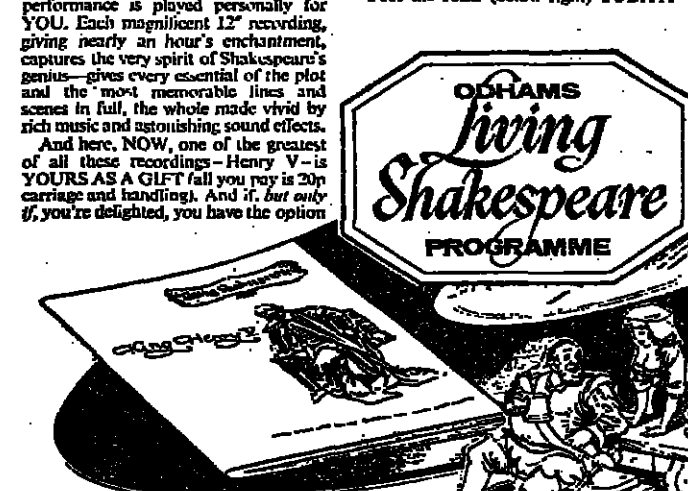
It may be that Lord years on, has read the foreseen the renewal that kind of political unless he can deflect perhaps he has perceiv the rest of us that pre cation, threatened as well as Right, is in irreversible decline.

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Oedipus gets a news complex

CLEARLY, Oedipus was a man who had problems: a nasty start in life, abandoned on Mount Cithaeron by his father, the king of Thebes; a lot of adolescent worry about his future, even after he'd obviously enjoyed great and good fortune by being plucked from death on the mountainside by a passing shepherd who then got him nicely settled in with the King of Corinth; mysterious answers from the know-your-own-future - this - week - in - the - stars corner at Delphi; and then all

that sad business back at Thebes again with Oedipus slaying his father and marrying his mum and gouging out his eyes with a brooch when he found out. Problems, problems, problems.

But not until this month did he suffer the grave indignity of being dressed in newspapers like a pie and chips. That happened 10 days

ago when a production of Sophocles' play Oedipus Rex by the Greek Contemporary Theatre Company opened in Athens. Oedipus, played by Greek actor Stephen Linaios, is suddenly covered in newsprint by the rest of the cast after he solves the riddle set by the Sphinx.

"The newspapers are votive

offerings," says James Roose-Evans, the play's 44-year-old English director. "We have this man walk on stage with a bundle of newspapers shouting things like 'Oedipus solves Sphinx riddle, Oedipus to marry queen mother, Oedipus made king. It's marvellous, marvellous. Then the citizens of Thebes rip up the

newspapers and adorn their leader."

Later on Oedipus has an egg cracked over his head by Tiresias the seer (left in the picture, pouring forth bad tidings). Another marvellous moment, reckons the director.

Roose-Evans had a Sunday Times handy for rehearsals, a

fairly fat issue which gave plenty of body coverage. He reckons the play will use up about two dozen papers a performance. And as the production runs to nine performances a week, with a few months' run in Greece before a possible world tour, it is probably just as well that Athens publishes no fewer than eight daily newspapers.

Picture: Zoe Dominic

Story: Ian Jack

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first month!

Many families will have someone in hospital this year. It could be you—or a member of your family—tomorrow... next week... next month. Sad to say, despite State benefits, very few families have their incomes guaranteed during such times. And of course, all the usual household expenses still have to be paid. And National Health benefits rarely cover all these outgoings. Think... what would you do if you were in hospital and didn't get paid for a few months, or even a few weeks? How would your family manage? What would happen to your savings? We believe we have the answer in our EXTRA CASH PLAN that relieves you of worry when the terrible financial threats of illness or accident occur.

Pays you £100.00 a month tax-free in cash whenever you have to stay in hospital

What a blessing it is when you know you have £100.00 in cash coming in every month when you have to go into hospital. You get your £100.00 a month in cash—tax free*—as long as you are confined in hospital. You are covered from the very first day for accidents and sickness—even for life, if necessary!

Now, this plan from London & Edinburgh enables you to enjoy this protection at once. The first month's cover for your entire family is just 10p. Then, you may continue at London & Edinburgh's regular rates.

The added protection you NEED!

All benefits of this £100.00 a month plan are paid directly to you, in cash, in addition to any Company, Union, National Health, BUPA or PPP benefits you receive. You are free to use these tax-free* payments in any way you see fit. Private medical care, rent or mortgage repayments, to replace your savings, or to cover any other expense you can think of!

We can never cancel your policy!

You can rely on this wonderful protection no matter how old you become or how many times you collect from us. Your policy guarantees that we can never cancel your protection for any reason whatsoever. It is Guaranteed Renewable for Life! In addition, your rates can never be changed unless there is a general rate adjustment on all policies in this series.

And that's not all—this policy...

PAYS £100.00 a month in cash for each accident or illness which puts you in hospital. Cover for accidents begins at once. After your policy is in effect for 30 days, you are covered immediately for all sicknesses that originate thereafter.

PAYS £100.00 a month in cash regardless of age, even when you're 65 or over—and even for life. And, of course, you collect your benefits from the very first day you are in hospital, whether for sickness or accident.

PAYS £100.00 a month in cash if a child covered by the policy goes into hospital through injury or illness. Cover begins the very first day in hospital. And the benefits continue for as long as necessary.

PAYS £400.00 a month in cash in hospital when both husband and wife are in hospital at the same time for accidental injury for as long as both remain in hospital—and covers you even for life, if necessary.

PAYS up to £1,000.00 in cash for complete accidental loss of limbs or eyesight.

Double Cash Accident Benefit

If you and your insured wife are in hospital at the same time for an accident injury, this EXTRA CASH PLAN pays you an extraordinary double cash benefit. You receive not £100.00 but £200.00 a month. Your wife receives not £100.00 but £200.00 a month. That's £400.00 in cash payments every month, starting the day you enter the hospital for as long as you both remain there.

Pays you up to £1,000.00 in cash for these accidental losses

The accidental loss of limbs or eyesight can be terrible. But if such loss occurs any time within 90 days of the accident, you collect £500.00 for the complete loss of a hand or a foot or the sight of an eye—and £1,000.00 for loss of two limbs or the sight of both eyes.

Waiver of premium benefit

Should you—the policyowner—be in hospital for 3 consecutive weeks or more, this London & Edinburgh

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We will send your London & Edinburgh EXTRA CASH PLAN policy by post. Examine it carefully in the privacy of your own home. Show it, if you wish, to your insurance broker, bank manager, accountant, solicitor, doctor or some other trusted adviser. If you decide, for any reason, that you don't want to continue as a member of this plan, return the policy within 15 days of the date you receive it, and we will promptly refund your money. Meanwhile, you will be fully protected while making your decision!

John W. Dennis
Director

London & Edinburgh Life Insurance Company Ltd.

EXTRA CASH PLAN will pay all premiums that come due for you and all Enrolled Members of your family while you are confined to hospital beyond the initial 8-week period. And your protection continues just the same as if you were paying the premiums yourself. This means you pay no premiums, yet your full protection remains in force for as long as you are in hospital.

These are the ONLY exclusions!

Your London & Edinburgh plan covers every kind of sickness or accident except conditions caused by: war or any act of war or civil strife; any mental disease, illness or disorder; pregnancy, miscarriage or childbirth; abortion; intoxication or the influence of any narcotic unless administered on the advice of a doctor, and any sickness or injury you had before the Effective Date of your policy... during the first 2 years only.

You may be surprised to learn that we will actually issue this policy to you even if you have a health problem right now, and even if it's a serious one. Yes it's true! If you are sick before you take out this policy, you will even be covered for that condition after the policy has been in effect for 2 years. Meanwhile, of course, every new condition is covered.

Fills the gap in State Benefits

London & Edinburgh now offers you this remarkable plan that has swept the United States, because we firmly believe that the protection it offers will be equally welcomed by the British public. You can judge how popular this plan is in the United States from the fact that just one U.S. insurance company is issuing new policies at the rate of one million a year. That's why we are convinced, as we are sure you will be, that it really does fill the big gaps that exist in State benefits, BUPA or other private insurance schemes.

Act now to assure the fastest possible cover

As soon as we receive your Enrolment Form we will rush your policy to you by First Class Post. When your policy arrives, examine it in the privacy of your own home. You'll be pleasantly surprised to see there is no "small print". Show it, if you wish, to your insurance broker, bank manager, accountant, solicitor, doctor, or some other trusted adviser.

Here are your premiums

The following premium chart shows how little it costs after the first month to enrol yourself, your wife and any family dependants. Simply add the monthly premium which applies to each person in each age bracket and the sum is the monthly premium payable for the total cover. Naturally at these rates, we can issue only one policy in this series for each family.

Members under the age of 18 covered by their parents' or guardians' policy will be protected under their own policy (regardless of their health) when they reach 18 at the rate then in effect for their age group.

Age	Monthly Premium
0-17	£0.65
18-39	1.00
40-54	1.30
55-64	1.55
65-74	2.00
75-84	2.70
85 & Over	3.35

NOTE: The regular monthly premium shown here (for age at time of enrolment) will never increase as you pass from one age bracket to the next! Once you have enrolled in this London & Edinburgh EXTRA CASH PLAN, the only way we can change your premium is if we change it for all policies in this series. It has nothing whatever to do with how much or how often you collect from us or your advancing age.

Act NOW — "later" may be too late!
Just 10p covers you and your family for first month

Time is precious! Act quickly. (No salesman will call.) Get your Enrolment Form and only 10p into the post today—because once you suffer an accident or sickness, it's too late to buy protection at any cost. That's why we urge you to act today—before anything unexpected happens.



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- ★ Pays in cash *direct to you* at the rate of £100.00 a month for every Enrolled Member of your family who is in hospital, and covers you... for life.
- ★ Pays you again and again... the company can never cancel this policy no matter how often or how much you collect—*only you can cancel*.
- ★ Pays in *addition* to any other insurance cover you may have already—including National Health, BUPA, PPP, Company or Union benefits, or from any other private medical scheme.
- ★ Pays you direct—and you are covered from the first day you enter hospital.

ALL AGES ELIGIBLE—EVEN IF YOU ARE OVER 65!

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL—ACT NOW—THIS OFFER MAY NEVER BE REPEATED!

Your questions answered about this EXTRA CASH PLAN

Q 1. How much will I be paid when I go into hospital?

A You will receive cash at the rate of £100.00 a month (£3.33 a day). And you collect in cash for an accident or illness even if you're in hospital for only one day. And benefits are paid in full for as long as you're in hospital... even for life.

Q 2. Do you pay me in cash when my children go to hospital?

A Yes we do! You collect in cash at the full monthly rate whenever any of your enrolled children (age 1 month to 17 years) go into hospital.

Q 3. When do I start to collect hospital benefits?

A This new plan covers you from the very first day for accidents. After your policy is in effect for 30 days, you are covered immediately for all sicknesses that originate thereafter—even for life, if necessary! Payments are made direct to the policyowner. Since we provide lifetime benefits, this 30 day qualifying period enables us to give you broad cover at a lower cost than would otherwise be possible.

Q 4. What if my wife and I are injured in an accident and go into hospital at the same time?

A You both receive DOUBLE payment if this happens. Yes, this plan pays you benefits at the rate of not £100.00, not £200.00, but £400.00 in cash every month—for as long as both of you remain in the hospital—even for life!

Q 5. Are there any other cash benefits I can collect?

A We pay you £500.00 in cash for complete loss of one hand or one foot or sight of one eye as the result of an accident, and £1,000.00 in cash for loss of both hands or both feet or sight of both eyes—even if it happens as long as 90 days after the accident.

Q 6. Will you pay me in addition to what I receive from other health plans?

A Of course we will! That's the beauty of your London & Edinburgh plan. No matter what benefits you receive from National Health or private health plans, we still pay you cash benefits at the rate of £100.00 a month—even for life. So even if other insurance has taken care of all your medical bills... you still have that tax-free* cash income from this London & Edinburgh EXTRA CASH PLAN. Isn't that a nice way to end an illness?

Q 7. How can I use my cash benefits?

A Use the money any way you choose. Use it to pay for living expenses like rent, food, clothing. Or put it in the bank to replace any income you lost during your stay in hospital. Or use it to provide the comforts and amenities in hospital such as television, private room, which are often just as important to recovery as good medical care. Remember that the money is paid to you to use as you feel best.

Q 8. Suppose I'm in hospital for a long time and can't meet my premium payments?

A If you—the policyowner—are in hospital for eight consecutive weeks or more, London & Edinburgh EXTRA CASH PLAN will pay all premiums that come due for you and all Enrolled Members of your family while you are confined to the hospital beyond this initial eight-week period. This includes all premiums—for every Enrolled Member. Even if you are in hospital for months, a year—for life. Thanks to the Waiver of Premium feature in your policy, we pay all premiums for you as long as you are in hospital. You simply go right on collecting your full £100.00 a month cash benefits just as if you were paying the premiums yourself.

Q 9. Now tell me, what's the "catch"—what doesn't my Policy cover?

A Your policy covers everything except conditions caused by: war or any act of war or civil strife; any mental disease, illness or disorder; pregnancy, miscarriage or childbirth; abortion; intoxication or the influence of any narcotic unless administered on the advice of a doctor; any illness or injury you had before the Effective Date of your policy—but even this last "exclusion" is done away with after you've been a policyholder for only two years. Everything else is definitely covered.

Q 10. Does this plan pay in any hospital?

A You are covered for care in any hospital of your choice, in any part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland with the exception of non-registered nursing and convalescent homes or similar types of facilities.

Q 11. What are the requirements to enrol in this plan?

A You must not have been refused or had cancelled any health, hospital or life insurance due to reasons of health; and you must fill in and post the enrolment form with your first month's premium of 10p.

Q 12. Will you cancel my policy if I have too many claims? Or because of advanced age?

A No—positively not! Only you can cancel. The Company cannot—no matter how many claims you have... how old you become... or for any other reason whatsoever. A Guaranteed-Renewable-for-Life clause has been printed right in your policy, and we're bound by it.

Q 13. Besides saving money—are there any other advantages to joining this plan?

A Yes, a very important one is that you don't need to complete a lengthy, detailed application—just the brief Enrolment Form in the corner of this page. It doesn't ask for a medical examination, and it doesn't set an age limit. Also, there are no extra requirements for eligibility, and no "waivers" or restrictive endorsements that can be put on your policy!

***Q 14. Are my benefits truly tax-free?**

A Yes, since the concessionary practice of the Inland Revenue is not to tax insurance benefits for up to one year of hospital confinement.

Q 15. How do I apply?

A Fill out the brief Enrolment Form and post it with just 10p for the first month's protection for your entire family.

SEND ONLY 10p

all you do to receive your policy:

1 Complete this brief

Enrolment Form.

2 Cut out along

dotted line and post with 10p.

OFFICIAL ENROLMENT FORM

5-1254-2-01

LONDON & EDINBURGH LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.
Pembroke House, 44 Wellesley Road, Croydon, CR9 3QN. Telephone: 01-686 0837/8/9.

for the EXTRA CASH PLAN

MR.
Name (Please Print) MRS. Christian Name(s) Surname
MISS
Address
Date of Birth Day Month Year Male ☐ Female ☐
Occupation

List all family dependants to be covered under this Plan: (DO NOT include name that appears above. Use separate sheet if necessary.)

	Name (Please Print)	Relationship	Sex	Date of Birth		
				Day	Month	Year
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						

I hereby enrol in London & Edinburgh's EXTRA CASH PLAN and am enclosing 10p as the full first month's premium to cover myself and all other Enrolled Members listed above. Neither I, nor, to the best of my knowledge and belief, any other person listed above has been refused or had cancelled any health, hospital or life insurance cover due to reasons of health. I understand that this Policy will become effective when issued and that pre-existing health and accident conditions will be covered after two years.

Signature Date

①

مكتبة الامم المتحدة

Timofey—Olympic winner at 91

TIMOFEY PROKOROV is 91, is described as a "self-made patriarch," has a self-made chapel and lives with a nun. And as if that isn't enough to earn him a place in the public prints, he has also played a major role in the planning of the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich.

When the planners began laying out the ground for the new £250 million Olympic City three years ago, they came across a curious structure built of Second World War bomb rubble. It lay plumb in the middle of the terrain south of Munich earmarked for the Olympics' show-jumping arena and headquarters. The structure looked like a Russian Orthodox chapel but the domes were beaten out of oil drums, the five Russian Orthodox crosses were cut from wooden railings, and the roof inside glittered with thousands of pieces of silver-paper from cigarette packets.

It turned out that Prokhorov had built both his chapel and a shed in which he lives with Natasha, a nun from the Caucasus, after he had moved slowly around the plot of disused land on a rubbish heap when he decided to settle there nineteen years ago. "That Russian custom; that makes land my own," he explained to the puzzled planners.

The dispirited description of "self-made patriarch" was provided by Munich's Russian Orthodox Community but, when the story of Prokhorov got around, it emerged that he was not without friends. Among them were Professor Guenter Behnisch, the architect and chief designer of Munich's vast Olympic City, and Hans Klein, the Olympics PR Chief.

Munich's evening newspaper ran a campaign to save "the Olympic Hermit" and Prof. Behnisch agreed to move the entire show-jumping complex six miles away to Daglfing, near Munich Airport, to give Prokhorov's chapel a legal place in the Olympics City's layout. As the local newspaper put it: Timofey is the first winner in the 1972 Olympics.

Prokhorov and Natasha think all this is perfectly in order and quite natural. He describes his church as "Nix Orthodox, Nix Catholic, Nix Protestant, but Church for all people," and says he loves everybody.

The last word goes to Hans Klein, the PR chief, who says: "If Timofey had not existed, we would have had to invent him—just to prove how warm-hearted Munich is."

LIKE the dog that did not bark in the night, the significant thing about the latest annual congress of the Rhodesian Front, that ended here yesterday may be less what it did than what it failed to do.

Superficially it was as full as ever of white Rhodesia's special brand of fire and brimstone, muting solemn horror stories of permissiveness (Communism's secret weapon) with fierce refusals to tolerate the African population explosion and other such inventions of the devil.

Britain's Labour Party was awarded a routine jeer or two, and Ian Smith's familiar comparison of Rhodesia's state of grace with the crime, war, riot, famine and oppression prevailing elsewhere in the world was received with customary satisfaction.

But to the only question that really matters here at the moment—the possibility of a settlement with Britain—the congress turned an obediently blind eye. The hope, or fear, of a settlement was implicit throughout the proceedings; yet nobody spelled out a case for or against it, nobody sought to tie Mr Smith's hands.

Mr Smith himself skirted over the topic with his usual ambiguity and won his biggest round of applause with nothing more than a promise to maintain the government of Rhodesia in "responsible and civilised hands for all time."

Nobody asked him whether that meant white hands, or whether it might not just as easily be interpreted to mean responsible and civilised black hands one day. Nobody in fact said anything of any real consequence whatever; and this has strengthened the widespread belief in Salisbury that a deal with Britain really is on the cards.

The nuances of the congress seemed to support this view. Nearly half of Mr Smith's half-hour speech, for example, was devoted to a discreet survey of Rhodesia's economic problems. There were, of course, encouraging figures on continued growth and all that, but there were admissions too of lack of foreign currency, of development outpacing resources, and even of "time catching up with us."

Three times Mr Smith remarked that it was no use producing more goods if there was no transport to distribute them, which must have reminded his audience that the local papers have been full of stories lately of trouble on the railways through lack of rolling-stock and

Smith knows it's now or never for settlement

By David Holden, Salisbury, Rhodesia

shortage of staff. After six years of unilateral independence, this seemed less than rousing stuff to be offering the troops.

Mr Smith's admission of his problems, however, was qualified by the need to maintain his image in the party, and his negotiating position with Britain. Less committed observers here paint a darker picture—certainly more gloomy than I have heard before. The problems are said to fall into three main categories.

Economically the country is now suffering the cumulative effects of six years of sanctions. Capital equipment has not been renewed (the railways are only one example) and the development of secondary consumer industries to replace imports has actually diverted scarce resources from more important projects. Recent court cases have brought to light an extensive black market in foreign currency.

Socially, the sheer weight of the African population is felt increasingly in the white areas. The Rhodesian Front congress and the Salisbury municipal council both heard proposals last week for moving the Africans in townships around Salisbury lock-stock-and-barrel into the tribal trust lands, or designated African areas.

The proposals were defeated or withdrawn, but they illustrate the dilemma of the Rhodesian Front: The majority of its supporters want a white-dominated society closer to the South African model; but they are even less able than white South Africans to pay for it.

Outnumbered by the Africans six years ago by about 19 to one, the whites of Rhodesia are now

in a minority of around 22 to one; and in spite of the Government's desperate attempts to encourage white immigration, the gap continues to widen.

Security is the third problem. Mr Smith was justifiably complacent about the success of the Rhodesian forces in containing African guerrilla activities. He told the party congress that the past year had been the first since his independence declaration without any significant terrorist action on Rhodesian soil.

But this tranquillity is not reflected in the surrounding territories. For example, road traffic from Salisbury to Malawi passes through an area of Mozambique where it has to be guarded in military convoys and several Rhodesian vehicles have been destroyed by mines in the past month or two.

In Rhodesia, it can hardly be more than a few years before land settlement pressures begin to translate the comparative docility of the Rhodesian Africans into militancy, with dire consequences for the white population.

An Amnesty reminder

AN URGENT CALL to the British Government to remember the plight of the estimated 130 African nationalists detained without trial in Rhodesia has been made by Amnesty International, the organisation that watches over the fate of political prisoners. One-third of these men have been held for more than six years, and some since 1959 writes Denis Herbst.



Smith: has he the courage?

Common sense would therefore suggest to Mr Smith and his government that they make some concessions to Britain to rain economic aid—and perhaps arms as well—before it is too late. Even the rank and file of the Rhodesian Front seem to recognise that if they are unable to come to terms with a Conservative Government led by Mr Heath, with his well-known "realism" in African affairs, they are hardly likely to be able to do so with any other.

The difficulty remains, however, that any concession significant enough to satisfy the British principles must mean in practice reversing the whole course of Rhodesian Front policy up to now. Mr Smith's Right Wing is adamant that there should be no such reversal, and traditionally the Right Wing has called the tune. Yet the party has just failed to tie its leader down.

Mr Smith, trailing his clouds of ambiguity, is still free to do a deal with Britain—if he can find the courage. But can he? Probably not even Ian Smith himself really knows the answer.

Barzel—kid or whizz?

By Antony Terry, Bonn

HEINRICH BARZEL, Chancellor of West Germany's Christian Democratic party, the "Black to Germany" voters that he would be a strong opponent for Willy Brandt for the Chancellorship in a country which, until Brandt won power for the Socialists two years ago, placed its faith in ultra-conservative elites. It is a man on such a placid Franz Joseph, the man who provided minute support of the Bavarian wing of the Christian Democratic Party last week, he has already indicated himself to giving the key posts of Vice

Chancellor and Finance and Economics supreme in any future government. At 47 Barzel is the youngest Christian Democrat politician ever to aspire to the Chancellorship in a country which, until Brandt won power for the Socialists two years ago, placed its faith in ultra-conservative elites. It is a man on such a placid Franz Joseph, the man who provided minute support of the Bavarian wing of the Christian Democratic Party last week, he has already indicated himself to giving the key posts of Vice

increasing number of younger voters than any older politician. Barzel, a brilliant speaker, easily outpointed his only opponent last week, the stolid, though six years younger, Rhineland provincial politician Dr Helmut Kohl. But recent popularity polls are not encouraging for the Christian Democrats generally, nor for Barzel in particular. The showed that half the West German electorate would vote for Brandt as Chancellor compared with only slightly more than one-third for Barzel.

More depressing still for the Christian Democrats, who nominated the young Barzel and Kohl as contenders for the party leadership instead of the older former Foreign Minister Dr Gerhard Schröder, the same polls show that Brandt would have only a narrow majority of 43 per cent if he were competing against Dr Schröder for whom 41 per cent would vote. What may have turned the party caucus against Schröder last week is the fact that he has to wear an electric heart pacemaker.

Barzel started his schooling in a Jesuit college in Berlin in the Thirties and remained there until the Nazis closed it down. He describes this period of his life as "formative" but says he was not with the Jesuit Fathers long enough to learn political thinking and public speaking from them. Nevertheless he is one of the few West German politicians who can make a brilliant speech without notes (although last week he was more cautious and the real parchment sheets on which he always jots down notes when he uses them were covered with copious alterations in red ink).

Barzel's fluency makes him suspect, however, among Germans brought up in the tradition that only great men like Adenauer are allowed to speak off the cuff. And Barzel's "modern" ways—smoking Gaulloises and cigarillos, drinking Campari and Cinzano and dashing about in a fast drop-head coupe—do not fit in with the older generation's image of a German Chancellor.

In fact Barzel sets out to be a carbon copy of the ambitious young West German business executive who wears short trench coats and a stetson and whose cuff-links are big gold coins. But cynics say "Barzel's" "young image" has been wished on him by an enterprising public relations agency, like his much-quoted remark as a young German infantryman training for a last-ditch stand in 1945—"I swore then to make sure that such idiocy could never happen again."

Barzel, who in 1962 was the youngest Minister in Dr Adenauer's Government, dropped out after a few months and later led the party's parliamentary group for seven years. Now he is one of the most outspoken critics of Brandt's *ostpolitik* and the Social Democrats call him a "Red baiter." However Barzel has also attacked the neo-Nazis, whom he once referred to as "rats creeping out of their holes," though he paradoxically also voted against the law which extended the period during which former Nazi war criminals could be prosecuted.

Barzel's ability to face both ways has aroused some suspicion among the voters and could end up by losing him the coveted Chancellorship against the "honest image" of Brandt—that is if he gets as far as a contest with Brandt. Many Bonn commentators are saying that the real winner of the past week was Strauss. And if he wants to, he still has time to make a bid for nomination as a candidate for Chancellor.

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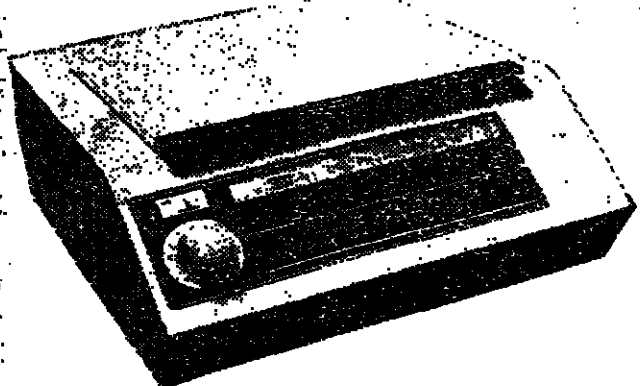
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The station leaving Platform 1 will stop at California

By Michael Moynihan

AN AMERICAN restaurant owner who has already tasted huge success with his "Victoria Station" eating house in San Francisco is coming back to Britain soon to look for a complete railway station to ship home brick by brick. Nothing to grand, you understand. Just a small Beeching-axed branch-line station would do. But it has to be complete, right down to the enamel name plates, booking office and waiting room.

Mr Robert A. Freeman spent £4,000 on buying "genuine relics" of London's Victoria Station - including the famous four-sided clock - for his San Francisco restaurant. The customers liked it so much that he's now planning at least two more, at Piedmont and Lindbergh, Atlanta.

But Mr Freeman will be facing pretty stiff competition in his quest; for a solid wave of nostalgia for the vanished age of steam is turning much of British Rail's former "junk" into prized collector's items.

Yesterday at Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, hundreds of railway enthusiasts and dealers came from all over the country to bid for 369 relics, ranging from a wooden box dated 1850 and believed to have been used by the Secretary of the Stockton and Darlington Railway to hold shareholders' documents to recently withdrawn blue enamel signs reading "Stationmaster", "Platform", and "Ladies".

This week the Midland Region's Collector's Corner, at Euston, two years old and expected to make more than £30,000 this year, is closing for three days while the country for fresh supplies of such things as redundant nameplates, destination boards, station signs, signalling equipment, lamps, badges, caps, buttons, watches and wall clocks.

Mr William Kirby, Midland Region stores controller who was one of the first to realise the untapped gold mine in outdated railway paraphernalia is now



Enthusiast and relic: a signal post top from the Scunthorpe sale.

wondering whether Mr Freeman's quest for an entire station is just a portent of even bigger business to come.

Finding a complete station may pose some ticklish problems, Mr Kirby says. There could be just the thing on two threatened lines - the Cambrian line in North Wales and the North Warwickshire line which runs through the Shakespeare country from Birmingham to Stratford - but a prospecting visit might be regarded as a slap in the eye to local groups now strenuously fighting for the lines' survival.

Mr Kenneth Colpus, Eastern Region stores controller (who also claims some £30,000 a year profit from his periodic auction sales) wonders if Mr Freeman might not find what he wants on the axed East Lincolnshire line.

"It would be nice to think of one of these little stations being perpetuated, even in America," he says. "We might even find him one with complete records. Although there is no precedent for putting a price on a closed railway station, prices generally are soaring. Nameplates of a steam locomotive, worth around £15 a few years ago, now fetch up to £200.

There's even a new market opening for nameplates from scrapped diesel engines," says Mr Kirby. "It's got to the stage when we think twice about throwing anything on the scrap heap."

Rulebook war in Mr Chapple's union

BRITAIN'S fifth largest union, the Electricians' and Plumbers', is in turmoil. While its leaders and officials engage in a complete struggle for power, an important section of its membership in the electrical contracting industry is in virtually open conflict with the union hierarchy.

ERIC JACOBS describes the latest moves in the "rulebook war" among the ETU's leaders and DEREK HUMPHRY reports on the Northumberland strike that has exposed the rift between the leaders and the led.

OFFICIALS of the ETU are deeply worried at what they regard as a bid to run the union on increasingly authoritarian lines. A bitter row is expected at the end of this month, when a new rulebook, hitherto unpublished, is to be presented for approval to a special conference of union delegates at Blackpool.

Mr Frank Chapple, general secretary, has told the union's 11-man executive that if the new rulebook is not accepted by the conference, it will be submitted to a referendum of all the union's 420,000 members. But because a fresh set of rules is being put before the conference, union branches will have little chance to criticise or amend it. All amendments to rules had to be submitted to the union's head office nearly a year ago - and these could be based on the old rules, not the new ones.

The result is that, if the new rules are accepted, the chance of re-establishing area committees and an appeals court against disciplinary action by union leaders will disappear. Amendments proposing new forms of area democracy had been put forward, and it was understood that the union executive was willing to back one such proposal. But nothing about it now appears in the new rulebook.

According to union sources, the overall effect of these actions will be to make it impossible for ordinary branch members to have had a real voice in re-shaping the union's rules for a total of 12

years. The union's last rules revision conference was held in 1965; after this month's, the next will not be until 1977.

But union officials are even more upset by the implications of the proposed new Rule 14. This says that national officials "shall be appointed and removed from office at the discretion of the executive council in accordance with the terms of their employment."

There is a small yet crucial difference here from the present rule, which simply refers to the appointment of union officials but not to their removal. Between this and the absence of appeals machinery in the union, officials are appalled by the amount of power which the new rule appears to give to the union executive.

Moreover, I am told some union officials are without proper contracts of employment - so, they argue, it would be open to the union executive to remove them in a day, without any compensation for loss of office.

While all this was boiling up, there were new moves last week in the complicated courtship of the ETU by other unions which want a merger with it. On Monday, Mr Chapple had lunch at Brighton with Lord Cooper, general secretary of the General Municipal Workers' Union (third biggest in the country). I understand that Lord Cooper offered to improve on whatever amalgamation terms were offered to the ETU by the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers (AUEW), Britain's second biggest union.

The Engineers, for their part, have been disappointed by the ETU's response to their proposals. Mr Hugh Scanlon, the AUEW leader, weeks ago gave ETU officials a copy of the instrument of amalgamation "which his union has used in several recent mergers. A quick answer was expected: either the instrument provided a basis for talks or it didn't. But the ETU executive met four times since the AUEW proposals were received and the proposals have not been discussed once.

This dilatoriness has increased suspicion among union members that the ETU has no serious

intention of merging with any other union. However, the fact that merger discussions are in the air could be used as a reason for not electing a new union president to replace Sir Leslie Cannon, who died last December. Since a president might not be necessary after a merger, the president outranks all other union officials including the general secretary, Mr Chapple.

... and ETU men fight their leaders

A LONG, harsh strike by nearly 400 electricians at the Alcan smelter site at Lynemouth, Northumberland, finally ended last week. But as the men went back to work, they checked off a list of grievances - not against their employers but against their union.

They had struck for six weeks last year and 10 weeks this year, but they had had no cash support from the ETU.

The strike just ended had been about pay; although the union refused to support their claim during the stoppage, it slapped in one for double the money as soon as the strike was over.

The management brought in labour from Scotland and Ireland to take over the strikers' jobs, the union in effect made this possible by telling the new men that they would not be black-legging.

So strong was the general feeling among electricians on other building sites that they contributed £500 a week to the strikers' fighting fund.

The basic cause of the dispute was an agreement signed by the ETU four years ago. Nobody could have guessed then that the deal would cause so much trouble. It had looked like a significant breakthrough in industrial relations.

Electrical contracting, like the docks, was a casual industry. Men moved from site to site in search of work, but they had none of the sickness and pension benefits that more stable workers take for granted. The deal promised them such benefits, and it also promised the electricians national pay rates, so ending the constant bickering over pay that characterises the building industry. The package was to be run by a Joint Industry Board, administered equally by employers and the ETU.

It was the fixed pay rates that caused all the trouble at Lynemouth. The electricians there found that, while they were earning 56p an hour, at the most, steel men were earning £1.12p; riggers, pipe fitters and welders were on £1, and even the men whose only job was to brew up tea four times a day were making 60p an hour.

Last autumn, the electricians asked their employers, N. G. Bailey, of Leeds, for 75p an hour. They were turned



Chapple: referendum from

down, both by Bailey's and JIB. They struck for six then went back to work, a impose an overtime ban almost three months.

In July, the men struck to work after the bank holiday. The immediate grievance over working conditions, was soon clear that the real was, as before, money, which was losing £30,000 because of delays, approach JIB. Nothing came of the of several approaches by stewards. The JIB was advised there could be no deal before the men went to work.

In August, Bailey's told men that, if they did not go to work after the bank holiday, they would be regarded as dismissed themselves. On electricians accepted 8 terms. The company then cruited 60 men from other of the country. The new were dismayed to find then to working picket lines but soon reassured by a letter the ETU, circulated by B. telling them that no existed between the union company. To the strikers was the ultimate hypocrisy.

The vicious circle was at last by Alcan, which Bailey's that it was re under the terms of its co to pay "fair and eq wages." And this the co agreed to do, by paying tricians an extra 12p to hour. All but 100 men ar back at work, and the re be within a few days.

However, the story is n -for Bailey's may have a £1,000 fine to the JIB suspension, and the strike similar fines of up to £100.

To crown it all, no soon the men gone back to wor Mr Don Edwards, the union secretary, lodged a cla would give the men £2 an twice what they had been for in the first place.

Edwards put it: "Only wh company stepped outsid agreement could we negoti It is an industrial re tragedy that such a hopef deal should have gone s quickly. For the union, t the message of Lynem clear: if it doesn't listen t its members want, it is i lot more trouble.

'Callous' neglect in mental care

By John Ball

A SCATHING ATTACK on the lack of facilities for the mentally ill provided by local authorities is made today by the National Association for Mental Health.

The latest Mind Report published by the Association says it found evidence of "callous neglect" in the worst areas and "barely adequate progress" in the best. The general level of community "care facilities for the mentally ill is grossly inadequate," it concludes.

The report is based on answers to a questionnaire sent to all local authorities in July. One of the most alarming discoveries reveals that out of the 123 questionnaires completed and returned (41 authorities failed to reply and nine sent in returns too late to be included in the analysis) 84 of them report understaffing in mental service facilities, despite widespread recognition that the most important element in community care is the person-to-person help given by social workers.

There is a national shortage of trained social workers, but despite this some regions are succeeding in attracting scarce staff. Volunteer help is welcomed but its use is patchy. The Association says it is clear there is a great fund of goodwill but it badly needs to be efficiently channelled and organised.

Four types of facilities - hostels, other forms of sheltered accommodation, day centres or social clubs - are essential for the mentally ill, but nine authorities, including Devon, East Suffolk, Carmarthenshire and Richmond-on-Thames show none of them on their returns.

Only 17 of the 123 authorities to reply provided all four types of facilities for their mentally ill - and 11 of these were in the South. The notable Northern exceptions were Newcastle, West Riding, Sheffield, Cheshire and Leeds. They provided all four.

Twenty-seven authorities provided only one facility, with 22 of them listing this as a social club run mainly by volunteers.

The Survey was carried out as a curia-raiser to Mind Week which begins on October 17 to provide a focus for public education in the field of mental health services.

To help in this move, the Association makes three recommendations: They want the Government to publish a White Paper on mental health - "as a matter of urgency" they ask for a statutory obligation be laid on local authorities fixing minimum standards; and they urge that big increases from public funds be made to pay for community-based mental health services.

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مركز من الاحول

How the silent man stole the conference limelight

The jolly Rodgers flies over Brighton

JAMES MARGACH

Minister of State in the Wilson Government, succeeded in pulling off two such diversions in quick succession.

Mr Rodgers is an old pro in this business. It was he who organised the Campaign for Democratic Socialism after Hugh Gaiters' surprising defeat by the Bennites and nuclear unilateralists at Scarborough in 1968. After a brilliant campaign he succeeded in reversing the Scarborough verdict at the 1969 Conference, when he was the climax of Mr Gaiters' "Fight, light and fight again" challenge.

Today Mr Rodgers works much faster. But he was not a one-man show at Brighton. His two aides were Denis Howell, another CDS campaigner from the old days, and Dick Taverne (with Roy Haslam acting as consultant).

Rodgers was no role model as that of postman, primarily interested in keeping the pro-Market forces together as a cohesive force, collecting voices, listening to what they think, providing reassurance to faint hearts when the heat is on. The anti-Market

ers see him as the evil genius, the conspirator, Roy Jenkins' hatchet man, the fellow who hates Wilson most because he has never forgiven him for becoming leader after his idol Gaiters died. But Rodgers has had his lost causes too: he was campaign manager for George Brown in his leadership fight with Wilson.

Bill Rodgers at Brighton never called a Press conference, never summoned the political correspondents or MPs to secret hideouts, never held a group meeting or issued a single briefing. In the Grand and Metropole hotels he was available for anyone to button-hole and if someone asked for his opinion on any issue of the hour then, of course, as a well-informed MP in touch with great affairs, he could only do his best to spread enlightenment and understanding among comrades who might not see the great European destiny in the same light as Bill himself.

It so happened that it was to Mr Rodgers that many Pressmen and MPs turned for enlightenment. So he snapped, round two conferences in the official one in the centre and the Fleet in the Metropole. And a were more concerned

Bill Rodgers thinks that with what he said, "I have a little-known inner Fabian secretary, the Russians expelled from Britain in the Great Spy Scare. Tibbitt last week on board the Russian cruise liner. She had 150 empty berths because the Russians, anxious to stamp out of journalists, refused to accept any bookings. The Scare began. However, we were able to print this report from Our Spy aboard the ship."

On Tuesday, full awareness of their plight seemed to dawn on them. Winter in Russia and little hope of another foreign posting.

That evening we were meant to have the ship's concert, but by this time everyone else was as gloomy as the Russian officials and the only ray of hope was a last fling ashore the following night at Helsinki. The Russians rallied at the prospect and sang a number of songs to an accordion accompaniment, including Moscow Skies and Those Were the Days. My friend, which they have always claimed is really a Russian sleighing song circa 1890.

But even this consolation was denied them because when we got to Helsinki two men came aboard who were everything the other Russians weren't—off-the-peg Hollywood KGB men with granite features, wide shoulders, long trenchcoats and hats pulled down over their eyes. They went into conference with the purser and, as a result, it was announced that nobody would be allowed ashore except those passengers leaving the boat at Helsinki. Nor were they exactly overjoyed when they learned that the Baltika was leaving immediately for Leningrad to connect with a special train to Moscow on which they would all be travelling, even if their home was in Leningrad.

There was no singing on board the Baltika as she left Helsinki.

PoWs remember
Three hundred survivors of Japanese PoW camps will march to Manchester Cathedral this afternoon to pay homage to those who died in the camps. Later they will lay wreaths at Manchester Cenotaph.

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This week's winning number in the £25,000 weekly Premium Bond draw is KB 939298. The winner lives in Cheshire.

chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, but I doubt whether he will ever remember to take it out of his pocket—and the list of Shadow Ministers ready to quit for the backbench wilderness suggested a light highly organised group, acting all for one and one for all. In short the capital crime in Labour's criminal code: an organised group, with its own leader and whips functioning as a party within the party.

More serious, Mr Rodgers' canners have spattered much mud on Mr Jenkins. All the anti-Market forces were at once convinced that he was behind all the exploits and connivances in their execution; hence the snipers that the knight in shining armour had allowed his integrity to become shop-soiled by squalid intrigue. And when the doubters were told that Mr Jenkins was unaware of what was going on—the Rodgers said wagging the Jenkins dog—they returned that he need only to lift a finger to call off the pack.

This experience underlines that Jenkins is clearly prepared to sacrifice all his dearest poli-

tical prospects for the fulfilment of his European dream, but that his Market stance inevitably becomes snarled up with internal party tensions; so when Bill Rodgers moves in to keep the Market flag flying he is at once attacked for launching a leadership campaign for Jenkins in a new power struggle, in which Europe is only the symptom and not the cause.

So the tragedy of Brighton is that, despite high hopes that bridges would be built and unity restored, the internal splits have worsened. Feelings are much more bitter than at the special one-day conference in London.

The old Bennite rebels say they resent being equated with the new race of Jenkinsites as party splitters. At least they never voted with the Tories in favour of a Tory Government's policies or acted as allies of the Tories in voting down official Labour policies decided by a majority vote.

So you can expect much taunting about traitors and Labour's Tory fellow-travellers in the coming weeks.

THE LABOUR Party last week committed itself to working out an incomes policy with the unions but it declined to call it that. The Party leadership rightly feared that if it so much as mentioned the dreaded phrase, then Messrs Jones and Scanlon would have apostrophised on the spot. But if the subject is as delicate as this, what chance is there of the two wings of the Labour movement reaching agreement in time for the next election?

The omens so far are not very good. There have in fact already been a series of meetings this year between political and trade union leaders, and they have come to nothing. The series began under the auspices of the National Council of Labour but the unions objected to that because the Council includes the Co-op movement, and Co-ops are employers.

Even when the unions and the Party executive met face to face the talks did not get off the ground. At the last session two months ago, I am told, Mrs Barbara Castle suggested they might discuss Mr Robert Carr's new Code of Industrial Practice. Mr Vic Feather refused. It was then suggested that definite proposals should be made by the TUC so that they could be considered by the Party. But since then the TUC has been deafeningly silent.

Nor is there any agreement about how the talks should be conducted. Should they be between the TUC and the party, or should the party talk simply to the leaders of unions, affiliated to it? The TUC is preoccupied with the business of dealing with a Tory Government and its natural shyness about dealing with one party in the exclusion of the other has been strongly reinforced in the past few years by the advent of non-political unions like the teachers and the local government officers.

An ally, there is no agreement on what the talks should

An incomes policy by any other name still has a nasty smell

actually be about. There were two broad views about this after Wednesday's debate. The first was that it was essential to construct a deal on wages independently of other policy commitments.

The second view was that an incomes policy should emerge as a reciprocal gesture from the unions after a Labour Government had undertaken a whole set of social and economic reforms. These would include policies for rapid growth and full employment, enlargement of the public sector, control of prices and profits, taxes on the rich and the total repeal of Conservative industrial relations law, to count only the most obvious. "If we do these things, then we shall have a right to ask the unions for wage restraint," one party official told me.

It was this second interpretation of what an incomes policy should be that carried the day

last week, persuaded Mr Hugh Scanlon not to vote against the executive's statement on economic policy and even had Mr Jack Jones calling Mr Roy Jenkins' speech a good one.

The change in mood by that time was astonishing. On the Saturday before the conference Mr Hugh Scanlon emerged from a meeting of his union's delegates, breathing heavily with threats of dissent if not outright opposition. He was ready to vote against the Party's leaders because their statement seemed to speak in the "phraseology" of incomes policy, although in fact what the statement said could hardly have been more bland and innocuous.

By Wednesday, however, he had had time to read the whole of the statement, and he had been reassured that whatever might seem to be offensive in it was not really there, or meant something else or wouldn't happen anyway.

Thus the unity that was apparently won may turn out to be a hollow triumph indeed. For the Labour Party seems already to have conceded to the unions most of what they want before the hard bargaining really begins. The most ominous, though hardly noticed, threat to any effective working arrangement between the two wings of the movement came in Mr Scanlon's emphatic insistence that, no matter what happens, free collective bargaining must remain, unchanged and unfeathered.

To Left-wing union leaders the integrity of their organisations as fighting machine is more important than the outcome of the battle. Never mind that wage bargains are now half the size they were a year ago, or that real incomes have dropped by one per cent in the first half of this year. This is endurable—anything is endurable—so long as nobody lays a finger on the unions' freedom to do as they like.

The real problem the Labour Party has to face is that the leaders of its two biggest member unions, Mr Jones and Mr Scanlon, have a breadth of vision no wider than that of engineering shop stewards for all their utopian Socialist talk. If Labour is to produce a credible package on incomes it needs more help than they are willing or able to give.

Eric Jacobs

Maudling refuses to reopen rape case

THE Home Secretary has decided not to reopen the case of Colman Lydon, the company director who was sentenced in 1968 to 10 years imprisonment for rape.

Mr Maudling asked a senior police officer to investigate fresh evidence produced by Ludovic

Kennedy, author and broadcaster, but the results have "not produced anything on which I could act," says Mr Maudling in a letter to Mr Kennedy.

Mr Kennedy described in The Sunday Times on March 28, 1971, his doubts about whether Mr Lydon, however deplorable his

behaviour committed the rape for which he was convicted at Hampshire Assizes. He said yesterday that several counsel and the National Council for Civil Liberties were still studying the case "and I hope soon to be able to go back to the Home Secretary."



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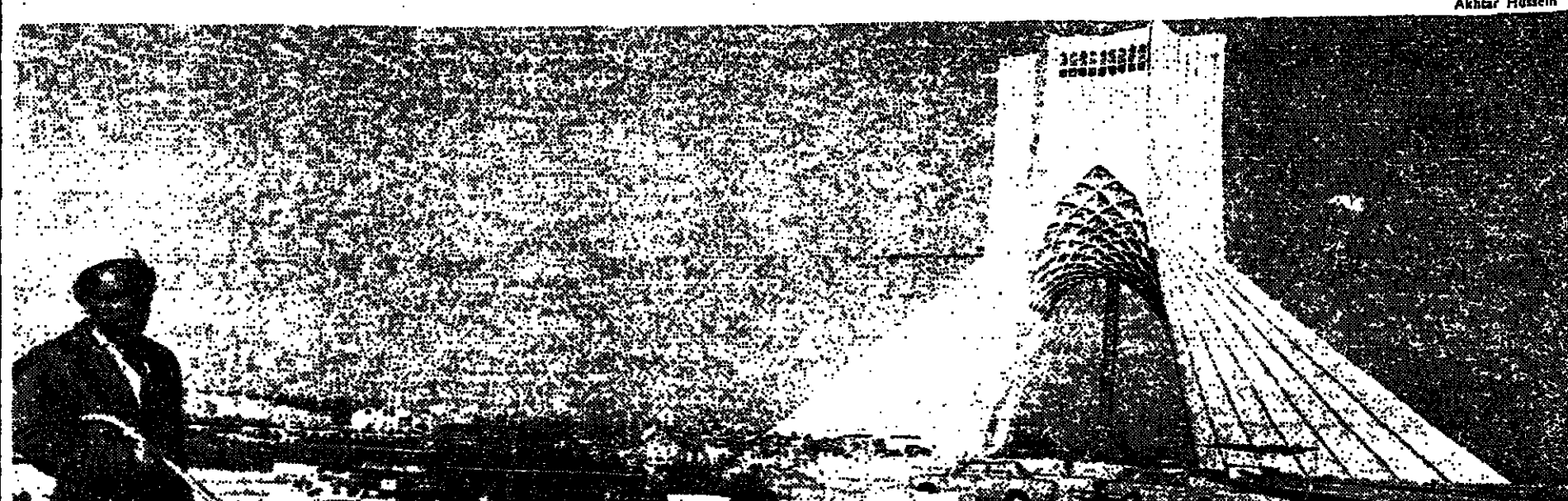
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Golden City centrepiece: the Shahyad (literally, king-memories). When celebrations start this week there will be mock-battles, feasting, gambling

Guerrillas at Shah's feast?

By Eric Marsden, Shiraz, Southern Iran

PAVILION in splendour if not exactly gilded with praise, the Shah of Iran's Golden City under the ruins of Persepolis is sealed off from the world until Tuesday, when the Feast of the Last Twenty-five Centuries is due to open. It has been cleared of tourists and unauthorised visitors as part of a massive security operation to safeguard the kings, presidents and other dignitaries celebrating the founding of the Persian Empire by Cyrus the Great 2,500 years ago.

In the Shah's words, it will be "the greatest show the world has seen" in a setting "straight out of The Thousand and One Nights." It will also be a security man's nightmare.

Iran is festive, every town and village festooned in green, white and red, with banners and tableaux from Persian history and literature. Teheran at night is a neon fairytale like London's Regent Street in December, with ancient kings replacing Father Christmas.

Menace lurks beneath the jollity. There is no serious unrest, but a few desperate men can cause an international incident when dozens of world rulers are gathered in one place. The celebrations have been threatened by the Guevarist-style insurgents who have attempted to terrorise Iran in the past six months. They are believed to have been trained in sabotage across the Iraqi border and to be organised in four groups, one of urban guerrillas, one in the forests, one in the desert, and one dealing with supply and communications.

Sixteen were captured in a gun battle with police in April. A week before the trial of some of them was due to start, Iran's chief military prosecutor was shot dead when taking his son to school. At a national day ceremony in a banquet hall filled with explosives, intended to blow up government leaders, missed its target but killed a bystander. Soon

afterwards there was an unsuccessful attack on the oil chief and former premier, Manuchehr Iqbal, one of the Shah's staunch supporters.

A fortnight ago an attempt was made to kidnap the son of the Shah's twin sister, and last week four insurgents were killed in a Teheran gun battle. On Tuesday a policeman and a suspected terrorist died in a fight after a bank raid.

World leaders arriving this week will be assigned special bodyguards in addition to the security men they bring with them, and watch is being kept on hotels and embassies. At Persepolis the camp will be ringed with troops and several hundreds more will be on hand as Soldiers of Cyrus taking part in the parade.

None of the heads of state of the Big Four powers will be present and Queen Elizabeth's inability to attend has disappointed Persians. Despite this there will be an impressive array of world figures at a gathering without parallel in history. The printed guest list stresses "not in order of precedence" but the first name happens to be that of the only other emperor attending, Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, Lion of Judah, whose throne is even older than the Shah's.

Crowned heads at the desert feast will include the Kings of Belgium, Norway, Denmark and Greece, Hussein of Jordan, Mahendra of Nepal, Moshoeshe of

Lesotho, Prince Rainier of Monaco, the Sultan of Malaysia, and the Sheikhs of the Trucial States. Among Presidents expected to attend are Tito of Yugoslavia, Yahya Khan of Pakistan, Girdi of India, Senghor of Senegal, Ould Daddah of Mauritania, Park of Korea, Sunay of Turkey, Kekkonen of Finland, Svoboda of Czechoslovakia, and Frangie of Lebanon.

Europe's royal families will also be represented by queens and "stand-in highnesses," including the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Anne. Vice-President Spiro Agnew is being sent by President Nixon.

Apart from the royal banquet on Thursday (the menu is being kept secret) they will attend ceremonies at Cyrus Tomb at Pasargadae, watch a son of Lumiere spectacle and mock battles featuring 1,500 bearded warriors, 700 horses, 26 buffaloes, and 24 camels—and fill in the time at roulette casinos or relaxing in their thick-carpeted, velvet-lined tents.

The cost of it all remains incalculable. It runs into millions of pounds but the protests of intellectuals and Left-wingers find little public expression. "Why do you keep on about the expense?" an official grumbled. "What about all the things being done for the people?" He cited a £120 million housing project and a \$4 million drought relief programme. As the Shah has done, he claimed that most of the spending will be on permanent

improvements like the Golden City itself, which is to be converted for tourism, the power station, airport and telephone exchange to keep the world leaders in touch with home, and the 100,000 seat stadium near the new Shahyad monument in Teheran.

The Shah is a shrewd statesman and has timed the celebrations—technically eight years late—to gain maximum prestige for Iran and his regime. Internally, the effects of his "white revolution" of land revolution, mass education and administrative reform are being felt. Mismanagement and corruption are being attacked.

Iran's international position is also stronger. As producers of one fifth of the oil of the Middle East and North Africa, it is being wooed by East and West. Britain's impending departure from the Gulf will leave Iran the major force in the area.

The celebrations offer bread and circuses for the masses, stirring pride in Iran's past glories and reviving strength. A message from the people to the Shah, to be carried by horseback relay from Teheran to Persepolis, compares his reforming achievements with those of Cyrus, who anticipated the United Nations by two and a half thousand years by issuing a declaration of human rights and religious tolerance (under it, among other minorities, the Jews of Babylon were freed to go home and rebuild the temple).

Iran is campaigning for a new human rights charter at the UN. Another major theme at Persepolis is that the Aryan people of Persia, not the Greeks, were the true founders of Western civilisation. This, it is claimed, is borne out by archaeological finds showing that the world's first towns were built here and sheep and goats were being domesticated by 4000 BC. This will be elaborated on at a congress of Iranologists this week in Shiraz, birthplace of Cyrus.

Apartheid charge on St Helena

ST HELENA, the tiny island colony on which I died in exile, is in danger of becoming an off-shore apartheid police state, says a South African newspaper. The paper, the *Argus*, says that the apartheid police state is to be run by a South African, who is to be based in St Helena, for Birmingham North Africa, whose probing of Vehicle and General Group crash tribunal is to the Foreign Secretary, Douglas-Home, asking interview.

He thinks a full inquiry commission from may be needed to find exactly what is going on in this remote island which has a population of 5,000.

A trade union official, Helena, who has ins anonymity, has said that Mr Carter with a large dossier of evidence for an island JP, Mr J. R. The MP hopes to pre-empt evidence to the Foreign Commission for the Foreign Minister. Mr Carter said today that dossier seemed at first dubious but initially he thought it was a hoax. "I have been in the island," he said, "and it is run by a clique of practices, were essential African and allege Rhodesians or South Africa."

He decided to take matter since the statement was made before the JP. "I need to be a comm inquiry from this country of the possibility of a local gation being run by me may be implicated," Carter.

Austrians premature?

Nearly five million will be voting today second general election the country within writes Ritchie McEwen. Kreisky, the Socialist is present Chancellor who today's premature hopes his party will be with an absolute majority present the Socialists seats, the Conservative Party 78 and the small Party six.

Fischer licks his wounds

BOBBY FISCHER, now level with the Soviet Union's Tigran Petrosian in the semi-final of the world chess championship in Buenos Aires, kept to his hotel room until sundown yesterday, writes Robert Lindley. He was observing the sabbath of the "Church of the Air," a fundamentalist protestant sect whose headquarters is in California. His radio and television set were both switched off.

Fischer had more than sufficient reason to welcome the rest. Last week he picked up a bad cold—and a first defeat on Tuesday after a 20-game winning streak. Before the defeat he said: "It's good for people to lose. It teaches them humility. It's kind of like a public service for me to beat people and teach them about themselves." He did not apparently add to the statement after his own surprise setback.

Now they are level, Fischer having won the first game, and the third ending in a draw. The result is decided over 12 games. The fourth game is today.

For the Argentine spectators, this is more than a match between two great foreign chess players. The 1,200 cushy seats in the Sala Martin Coronado are nowhere near sufficient to cope. Every game has an overflow of at least 2,000 sitting on the vestibule floor. But at least the overflow spectators get the benefit with demonstration board of an expert commentary by Herman Pilnick, the German chess master who arrived in Buenos Aires for the 1939 international tournament and stayed on. So did Poland's Moshe Najdorf, at 61 one of the oldest active grand masters. The 1939 tournament began on September 1, the day Hitler invaded Poland.

Instant refugees

It was Pilnick and Najdorf and a handful of Europeans who became instant refugees here with the invasion of Poland who have made the Argentine probably the third chess country in the world after Russia and Yugoslavia. Nearly a quarter of a million Argentines play the game.

They have queued to watch Fischer literally set the stage by having a bank of fluorescent tubes lowered to just the right distance (for him) above the match table. After considerable experimenting, he said that the board was just right and there was no glare. His daily routine has been to rise about noon and go for a swim after lunch; he always arrives well rested and well groomed three or four minutes late for the 5 pm start. After the match he eats gigantic portions of steak at what he considers to be the best restaurant in the world. Which is one of the reasons, on winning the toss of the coin, that he opted to play the match here.

Drinking the sea

A plant to convert sea water to fresh water to supplement Tokyo's supply is to be set up in Tokyo Bay. The city council hopes to be producing more than 20 million gallons a day within 10 years.

Reuters

Cat à la Montauban

Two men were fined at Montauban, France, yesterday, after admitting that they had killed 30 of the neighbourhood cats, then roasted and eaten them.

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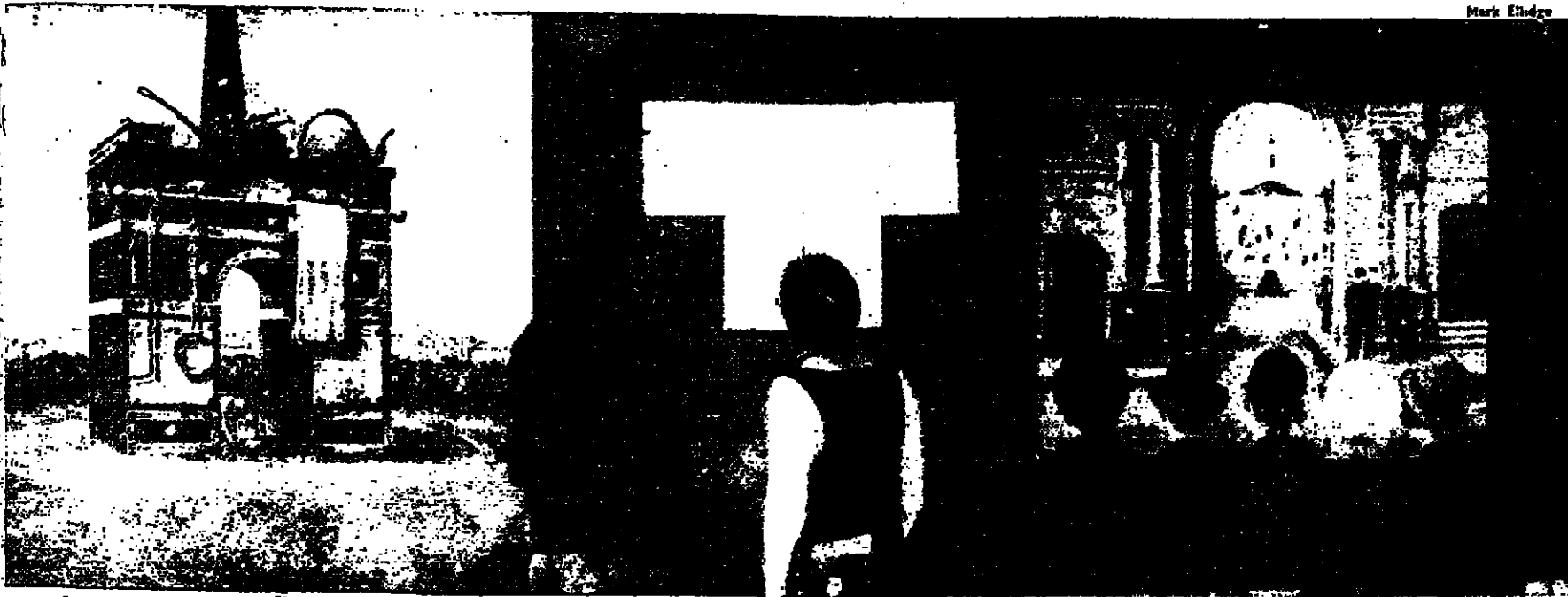
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once for the cheeky cheese: Biennale visitors view Lucien Mathelin's pictures at Vincennes. Did the Paris police get them out of perspective?

One big French cheese upsets another

BY A French painter of repute called Lucien Mathelin, on show at a disused cartridge factory in Vincennes last week after a modest display of Gallie temple and artistic intransigence. The artist, who has been involved in a series of disputes with the Paris chief of police, the French of Culture, and, indirectly, Mr. and Mrs. La Grosse.

Both pictures went on view 10 days ago at the Paris Museum of Modern Art since a six-man exhibition opened in the museum's ARC section. ARC stands for Art, Action, Recherche, Confrontation, an independent and occasionally provocative group in Parisian art circles. Artists, critics, friends and art world personalities attended the opening and a couple of hundred people were milling about when a city official arrived and ordered the exhibition's director, Pierre Gaudibert, to take the pictures down.

The official, who then impounded the pictures, was acting on the orders of the Paris Prefect of Police, Mr. Marcel Diebolt, who hadn't actually seen the paintings himself but who had delegated a sous-préfet to take a look. Most Parisians knew why. The cheese Elysée was a visual pun on the word *fromage*, which means corruption in high places as well as gruyère. Mathelin's pictures, said the police chief, were an insult to the President and the Unknown Soldier.

Mathelin certainly intended something like that: he called his pictures *Les Monuments*. The Monumental Lies, though he was still upset when the police took them away. He turned his other exhibition pictures face to the wall in protest. Then his five fellow artists followed his lead.

Jacques Duhamel, the Minister for Culture, stepped in next day with a compromise. While he couldn't disown the action of the city's police chief, he could arrange for the offending canvases to be displayed at the Paris Biennale, which was in progress at the disused cartridge factory in the woods of Vincennes outside the city—and outside the jurisdiction of the Paris police.

Mathelin said no to this offer at first insisting that it still amounted to censorship. But the Minister persisted with his solution and last week his patience paid off when Mathelin grudgingly accepted the Biennale invitation. A lot of Parisian painters are still muttering darkly about censorship, but the Biennale is probably not complaining too bitterly: a cause célèbre is never a bad thing for attendance figures.

Antony Terry

Mindszenty worries Vienna

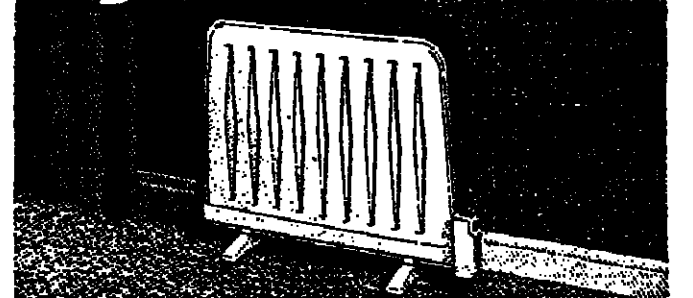
AUSTRIAN political and Roman Catholic leaders are worried that Cardinal Mindszenty, the 79-year-old Hungarian primate who recently emerged from his 15 years' asylum in the American Embassy in Budapest, will become a rallying point for various kinds of dissident Hungarians if he goes to live in Vienna, writes Ritchie McEwen.

Private quarters have been prepared for Cardinal Mindszenty at the 350-year-old Panzaneum Training College for Hungarian priests, the only Hungarian religious institution in Vienna which remains within the jurisdiction of the Hungarian Catholic Church, of which the Cardinal remains the titular head.

In addition to providing the Cardinal with private rooms, Monsignor Egon Giannone, Abbot of the Panzaneum, has had an adjoining reception hall refurbished so that the Cardinal can receive deputations. Austrian officials fear the Hungarian government may regard the Cardinal's presence only 40 miles from the Hungarian border as a provocation. In particular they think that devout Hungarians may take advantage of the cheap day and weekend bus service provided by Ibusz, the Hungarian State travel agency, to make pilgrimages.

Because of these anxieties there is speculation in Vienna that the Cardinal's initial entry visa will be for three months only, though subsequent resident visas will be of a year's validity provided the Cardinal's presence does not put a strain on Austro-Hungarian relations.

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Chinese air force row

THE RECENT top-level Japanese parliamentary delegation which made a three-week visit to China believes that a deadlocked Politburo dispute over funds for the Chinese air force is one reason for the current confusion in Peking, writes Richard Hughes. Members of the mission were convinced that both the Chief of Staff Huang Yung-sheng, formerly in command of air defences in South China, and Air Force Commander Wu Fa-hsien are demanding much more cash for their service. Neither has been mentioned by Chinese Press nor radio since the first week in September. The air force was explicitly grounded on September 13.

The Japanese delegates agreed that there was no evidence in Peking to support the early morbid speculation about Chairman Mao but said that there were strong doubts about the health of Lin Biao, Mao's ailing successor.

Snap the world out of apathy. Stop the agony of Pakistan becoming the greatest tragedy mankind has ever known

The situation worsens. Day by day the growing refugee problem in India and the mounting troubles in East Pakistan are emerging as a picture of human tragedy greater than all recorded in the history of mankind. Tens of thousands of children are faced by a slow death in desperately inadequate refugee camps. Upwards of 40 million people in and around the borders of East Pakistan are menaced by famine if the world at large continues to do little or nothing about feeding them. The enormous refugee problem is now completely beyond the resources of the Indian Government and the various agencies who like Oxfam have been attempting to assist with relief services. This is placing an intolerable burden on one of the most desperately poor and devastatingly overpopulated regions of the world.

What can be done? Oxfam needs more money just to maintain food supplies in its own relief programme. If you can, please give. But above all, join our plea to the world community to unite, at the highest level of human endeavour, in pressing for a political solution to this problem. For this we are convinced is the only means left of avoiding the greatest human tragedy in the history of our kind. This country still has the power to influence people of goodwill everywhere. If you agree that this has become a matter for the urgent attention of world governments who must ensure that the United Nations takes a major peace initiative and commissions an effective life-saving programme, say so, to your M.P., today.

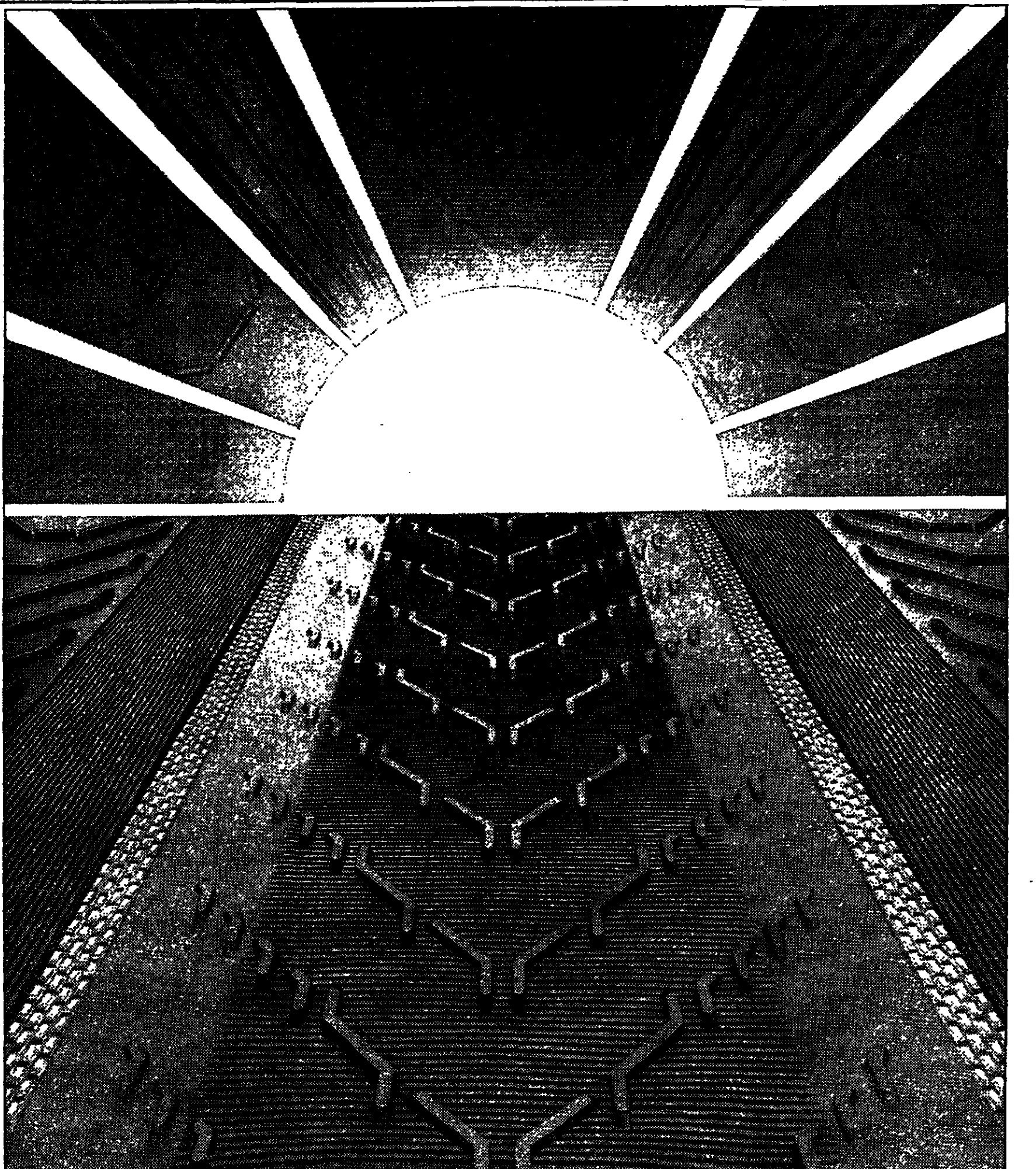
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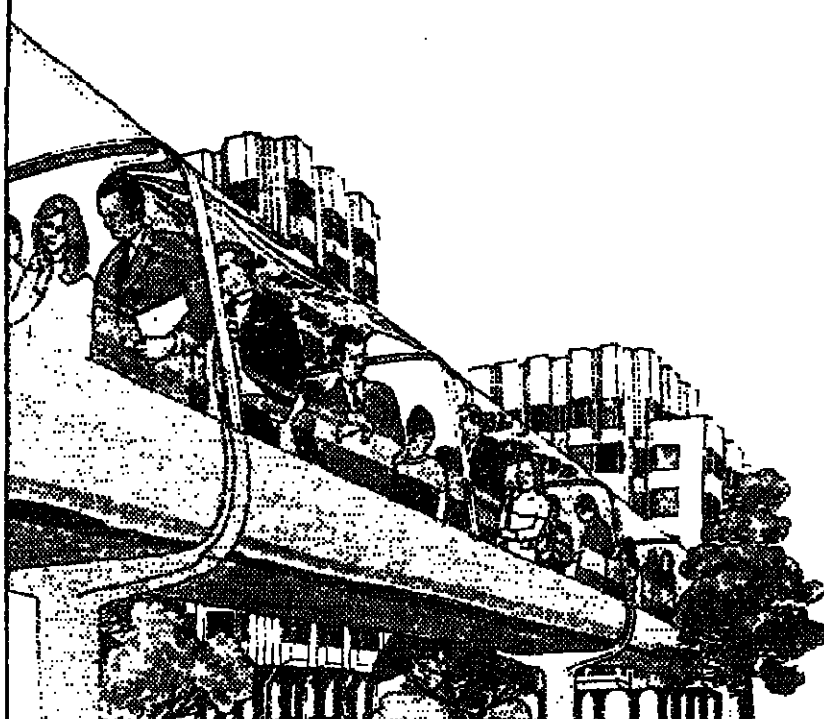
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SPECTRUM

PAKISTAN: The propaganda war and the first full starvation report

The slaughter of students and teachers during the crushing of East Bengal created a deep feeling of outrage. The authorities have been sensitive enough to pick on two small inaccuracies in one report to launch a very expensive exercise in disinformation.

Who pays the Pakistani piper

June 20. A detailed story on the "pogrom in Pakistan" was run on the front page of the Sunday Times. It claimed that on the night of March 25 and 26 the Pakistan army among other things "killed more than 20 university professors. Of these, Dr Moniruzzaman of the physics department was shot dead instead of his namesake in the Bengali department. Mr Moniruzzaman of the English department was similarly killed instead of Mr Munir, also of the Bengali department."

July 7. Two Bengali professors, Dr S. Sajjad Hussain, Vice Chancellor of Rajshahi University and Dr M. Mohar Ali, reader in History at Dacca University wrote to The Times. They said they were "surprised to discover that many people in Great Britain have the impression that a large number of Bengali intellectuals, including university teachers, were deliberately killed by the Pakistan army on March 25-26 and subsequently." Referring specifically to The Sunday Times report, the two professors said "we had spoken to Mr Moniruzzaman on June 13 on the eve of our departure for London and that he was very much alive."

August 3. A full page advertisement, claiming to be sponsored by the Pakistan Solidarity Front of Barking, appeared in The Times under the caption HANDS OFF PAKISTAN! It referred to the letter from Dr Hussain and Mr Ali and to an earlier joint statement issued on May 13, 1971, by 35 professors, authors and artists of East Pakistan which mentioned that "some of us were very intrigued to find ourselves as listed among those shot and killed..."

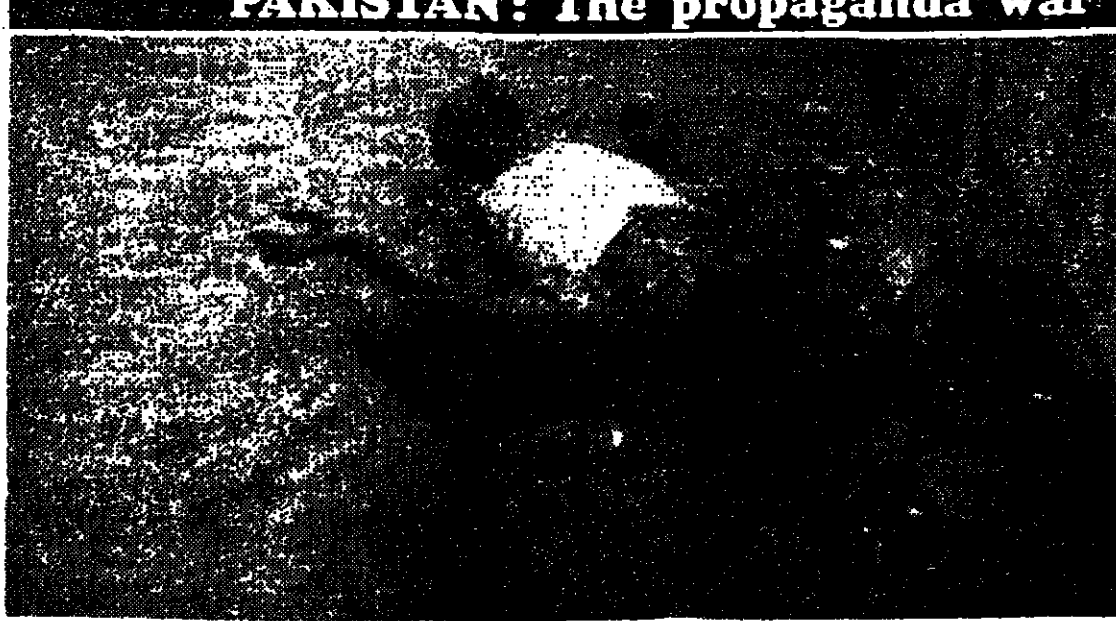
What is the truth?

The Sunday Times story of June 20 did contain two inaccuracies. In reporting Dr Moniruz-

man's death, we incorrectly described him as belonging to the "physics department." The dead professor—and his death is not denied by Dr Hussain or Dr Ali—belonged to the department of statistics.

Mr Moniruzzaman was not killed. He was shot and wounded. Bengali scholars and politicians and an American teacher who visited Dacca in the third week of July and met Mr Moniruzzaman, confirmed he had a shoulder wound.

Dr Hussain and Dr Ali also said in their letter that "there is no



Death in Dacca: the Army went in with lists of wanted teachers

bourhood as a base for their operations against the army."

I learned at first hand during a visit to Dacca in the middle of April that the nine "unfortunate" colleagues did not die by accident during the fighting around the Iqbal and Jaganath Halls.

Neither Iqbal Hall nor Jaganath Hall, despite the heavy firing, were "used by armed members of the Awami League volunteer corps," as Dr Hussain and Dr Ali allege. Army officers smiled when I questioned them about such reports. The Iqbal Hall chowkidar

for "prominent Bengalis" to "speak on behalf of the Government." They were provided with hotel accommodation and an allowance of £10 a day—perquisites "available to Category I officials." This has been substantiated by available documentary evidence. Mrs Akhtar Suleiman, daughter of the late Prime Minister Hussain Shaheed Suhrawardy, and her husband, were two others sent to London for the same purpose. Mr and Mrs Suleiman received £210 each for a four week period beginning July 20.

The two professors and Mr and Mrs Suleiman received an additional £100 each "for expenses" from the Pakistan High Commission, London.

The advertisement in The Times on August 3 was ostensibly "sponsored by the Pakistan Solidarity Front." In fact, it was paid for by a special subvention made through Mr Qayyum, Press Commissioner of the Pakistan High Commission, London. The sum of £2,640 was made available to him on July 30. This stemmed from Demand No. 92—Sanction No. 8(5)-71/EP-II dated 13 July, 1971, part of which is reproduced at left. This was then handed over in cash to a representative of the Solidarity Front.

The hand of government is clearly behind "individual" visits and "spontaneous" advertisements.

Anthony Mascarenhas

Charting disaster

THE HUNGER in East Pakistan has always been a guessing game. Numbers have fluctuated by millions. Accurate figures are now available from an unpublished United Nations report. Seventeen million Pakistanis are at the moment facing critical shortages of food. Unless a mammoth relief operation is finally mounted (and little has yet been achieved) another 23 million will be starving by Christmas.

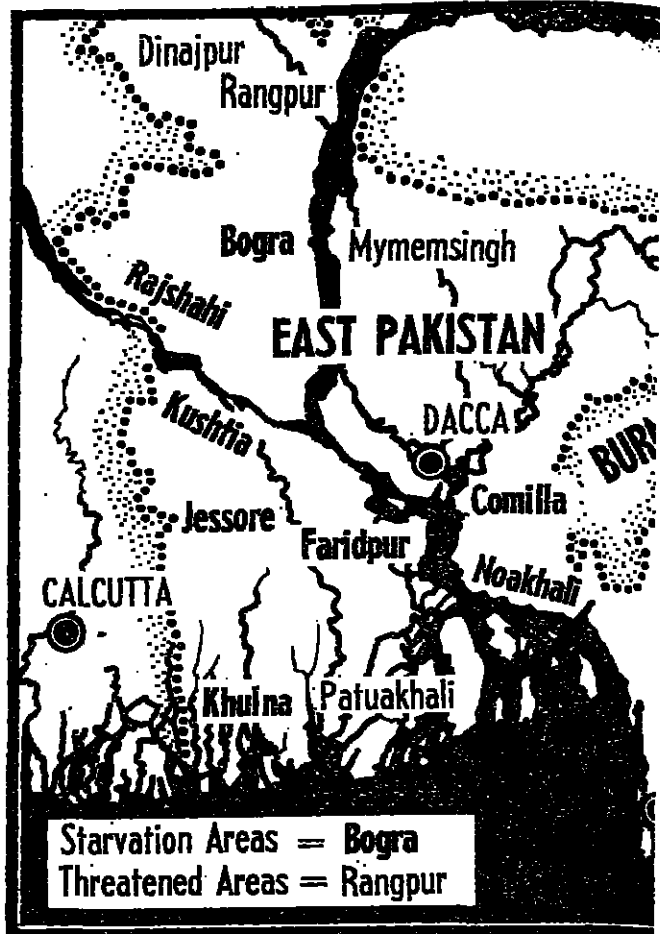
The report is invaluable because it is the only analysis that has yet been made of the precise extent of starvation and food supplies throughout East Bengal since the civil war began last spring. It was prepared for Paul Marc Beari, the head of the United Nations Relief Operation in Dacca, by US-Aid officials in East Bengal. Its conclusions will be discussed at a meeting of the UN's Inter-Agency Group after Henri has flown to Geneva next Wednesday.

In many respects the conclusions (which are revealed here for the first time) are less pessimistic than had been feared. The surveys believe that there is and need be no disastrous overall shortage of food in East Bengal, and certainly no such famine as in 1943 when 1,500,000 died. The country has a normal grain deficit of two million tons and many observers consider that this year that may well double. Such a shortage can in theory be met: there are already large stores of wheat from the surplus granaries of the West stockpiled in Chittagong. But, as the report makes clear, the difficulty is in distributing them: if there is famine in East Bengal this winter it will be because the infrastructure of the country has totally collapsed, not because no food is near at hand.

The report divides the country into 59 areas, averaging about 1.2 million people and 1,000 square miles in each. They found that 14 of these areas were likely to face critical food shortages during the autumn, 19 could well become critical, and 28 should, with luck, be adequately supplied.

One of the difficulties that all the relief operations are facing is that in theory the Government will allow them to work only on post-cyclone relief projects that were begun before the spring civil war. Officially they are not allowed to give relief to those affected by the war rather than by the floods. In the North there was no flooding and it is there, as a result, that starvation is likely to increase — because so far the Pakistan Government has forbidden access, except to the permanent missionary bodies.

Nevertheless as a plan for action rather than as an analysis of the present crisis, the report is seriously limited and those British aid officials who have seen it are shocked by the vagueness of its recommendations. "If we had had their resources, we should have been able to put forward far more concrete proposals," says one. It is further limited by its own assumptions, the most basic of which is that "none of the participants in the current civil strife will actively pursue a policy of preventing the transportation and distribution of food to the people." As the writers admit, "without that



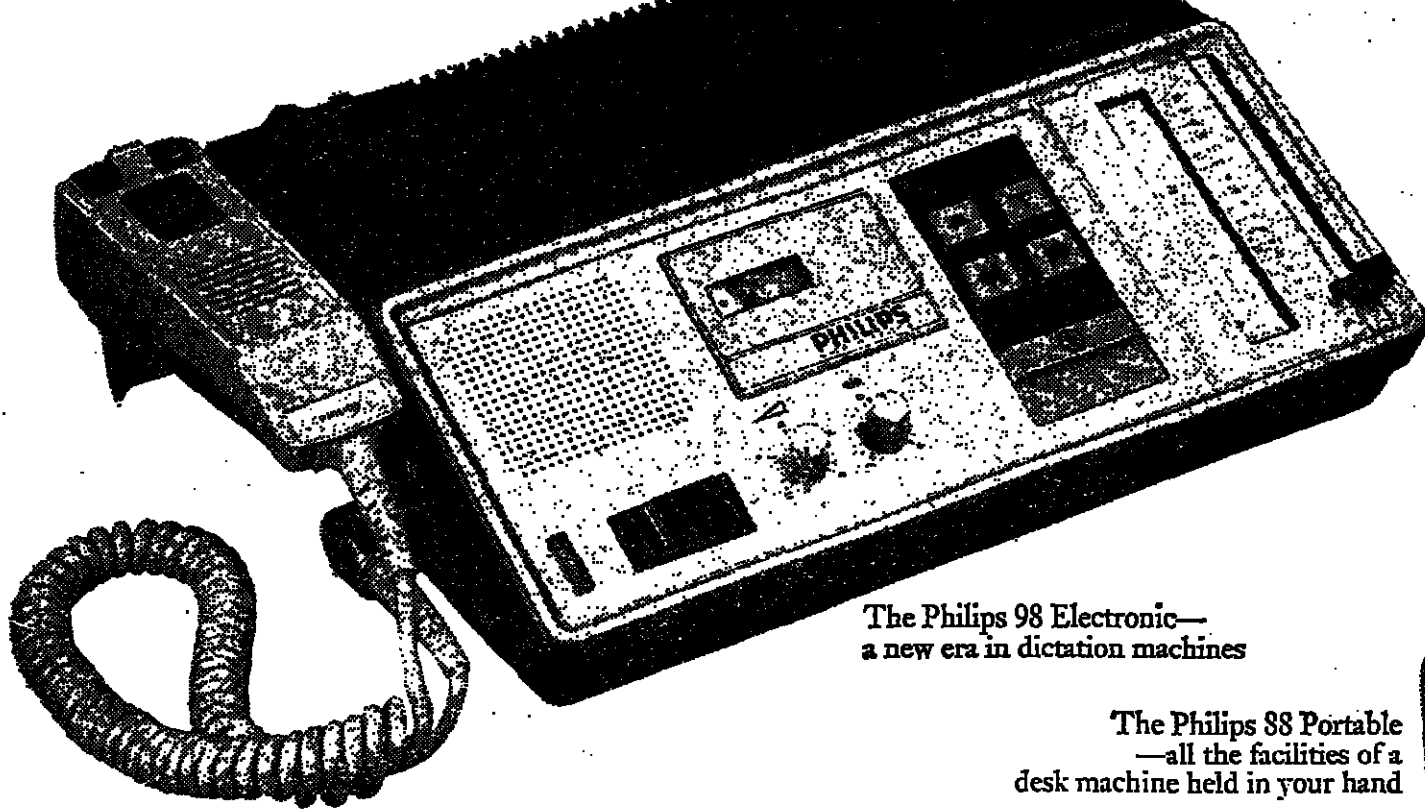
Forty million face starvation in these areas

that the most effective way of overcoming food shortages would be just to restore the normal commercial incentives. Food vouchers should be distributed in starvation areas, he says. Instead the report recommends various civilian and transport plans, hopefully designed to fit the specific requirements of various areas. For example, in Comilla Sadar, a region which has a traditional food deficit, the first two crops were very small this year and the usual access routes are badly disrupted. The food deficit is normally made up by merchants importing supplies to the area; this year that has not happened and prices are now up to 43 rupees a maund (kilo), which is not as high in some areas (Faridpur 60 rupees) but is about 30% more expensive than usual. The UN investigators reckon that the area needs about 4,000 tons of grain a month and recommend various combinations of road and river transport to deliver them.

However in the past the UN operation has been more successful to date. A sortium of British charities on Want, Oxfam, Christian Aid, and others have a team with 38 trucks in the Noakhali area, and Children last week a mother-child care program. However in the past the UN operation has been more successful to date. A sortium of British charities on Want, Oxfam, Christian Aid, and others have a team with 38 trucks in the Noakhali area, and Children last week a mother-child care program. However in the past the UN operation has been more successful to date. A sortium of British charities on Want, Oxfam, Christian Aid, and others have a team with 38 trucks in the Noakhali area, and Children last week a mother-child care program.

William Shaw

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Mind fatigue
et-age bo

THE INQUEST of the suicide of a World Bank executive last week, the coroner called an "extraordinary case" of "fatigue" of the man had been before his death. His evidence, said the coroner, was relevant factor in the man's death.

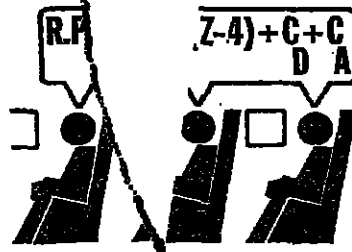
Whatever the advertisements might tell us, air travel is not a relaxing experience. There is plenty of evidence to show that it can harm our hearts, disrupt our routine balance and make us prone to irrational outbursts of jumping boardroom tables or crying hysterically. Aviation experts are increasingly disturbed at the way we are not taking the evidence seriously. An accepted medical formula for working out periods has been in existence for four years. Yet only a few companies are using it.

The full equation (shown in bold at right) is: Rest (in tenths of a day) equals flight duration in hours divided by two, plus the time zones crossed in excess of four, plus departure time coefficient, plus the arrival time coefficient. These coefficients are based on actual behaviour patterns, particularly sleep periods. Dr Buley assessed them as follows:

Period (local time)	Departure time coefficient	Arrival time coefficient
0800-1159	0	4
1200-1759	1	2
1800-2359	2	0
2400-0559	3	4
0600-0759	4	3

Applying the formula a flight from London to Los Angeles would end with one and a half days rest and London to Sydney with two and a half. It also shows that passengers should take longer rest periods after flying on West to East across the world time zones than the other way round. For example, Dr Buley quoted London to Montreal at nil rest; Montreal to London at one day. The vital factor is to make the combined departure and arrival coefficients as low as possible; obviously the passenger cannot control flight duration.

Dr George Christie, medical director of Synx Pharmaceuticals of Maldenhead, led Operation Pegasus—an analysis of the effects of travelling from London to Los Angeles and back. While he thinks that Dr Buley's equation produces good average rest periods, he says that it can add up to 10 days for the body's lack, as expressed in body temperature, hormone balance and other rhythms, to return to normal.



The forgotten formula

whether to take a rest or not. The point is, of course, that executives are asked to decide at exactly the time when their decision making processes may be impaired by a long flight.

Nevertheless Britain's civil service has no specific air travel instructions for its senior officers although it is very much aware of the problem. Many large British companies advise their executives to arrive at their destination the night before and take 24 hours rest when they return to base.

Dr Buley was strictly academic about his formula in operation. "It has minimised a long-standing source of contention between travelling and administrative staff, but has not completely achieved the objective of abolishing the need for interpretation of the travel rules by the latter," he said.

Much of the research in the US into "jet-lag" as the effects on the body are known, has been done by the Federal Aviation Agency. One of their tests was on passengers travelling from Oklahoma City to Rome (seven time zones) and Manila (10 zones). All showed marked physical changes in body rhythms. In contrast a check of passengers flying from Washington to Santiago, Chile (one zone) showed that body rhythms were only insignificantly affected. Concise and supersonic flight will bring in new problems by increasing the time-zone disruption for passengers. Dr Christie claims: "Man is going too fast for his own good."

Peter Pringle

WEAPONS

Gun laws fail to cut crime

THE SAWN-OFF shotgun and the revolver are now a common place. Tighter regulations seem an answer. But unpublished Home Office figures show that the 1967 Criminal Justice Act, which for the first time provided for the control of shotguns, is making no noticeable difference to the use of these weapons in violent crimes. On the contrary, the use of shotguns has doubled in contrast to the use of firearms—revolvers, pistols and rifles—for which certificates have been required for over 30 years.

In each of the two years before the Act came into effect in January 1968, there were over 50 armed robberies with shotguns in England and Wales. In the two years after the figures jumped to 100. The comparable figures for firearms fluctuated between 340 in 1966 to 484 in 1968.

These figures indicate that registration of all types of firearms makes no real difference to the criminal who never uses a legal weapon anyway. The Home Office working party on firearm control under the Chief Inspector of Constabulary, John McKay, will wonder whether there is any point in recommending even tighter controls on firearms.

Chief Inspector Colin Greenwood of the West Yorkshire Constabulary, who has just spent six months at the Institute of Criminology at Cambridge researching the effect of firearm control, says: "There is no case in evidence of anyone applying for a firearm certificate to enable him to commit an armed robbery and there is not one shred of evidence to suggest that the absence of a certificate prevented a single criminal from carrying a gun."

The 600,000 British holders of shotgun certificates own some two million weapons between them. But there must be hundreds of thousands who have not bothered to register since 1968. There are almost 250,000 legal firearms, but again, Mr Greenwood, thinks "there are more illegal pistols than legal ones in Britain."

Any criminal worth his salt will know the man and the pub where you buy a gun. Harry Roberts, the Shepherd's Bush murderer, was found with a veritable arsenal of illegal weapons. Yet he had been prohibited for life from possessing firearms. War time souvenirs, especially German Lugers, help to keep the black market trade lively, despite the surrender of 186,000 weapons in armistices since the war.

The dock areas of towns like Harwich and Dover are excellent places for buying guns smuggled in from abroad. In the case of shotguns they need not even be smuggled. The law says if you have lived in Great Britain for less than 30 days in the past year



The use of shotguns has soared despite controls

a shotgun certificate is not required. This accommodates itinerant grouse shooters from foreign parts who wish to use their own trusted weapon for a few days "sport." And the less reputable.

Applications for firearms certificates are carefully investigated by local police stations. Exact details of each weapon, where it is to be kept and used and whether the applicant suffers from a mental disorder are some of the questions. This year Holborn police station has refused five out of 14 applications. (The successful ones were all members of rifle clubs.) One of the five inherited a revolver, but he was only allowed a licence to get rid of it to a gunsmith.

Now the police have to register shotguns too. Controls are much less stringent. An applicant merely has to satisfy conditions about his character and ante-

cedents. No records of weapons is shown on the certificate nor is there any need to notify the police when it changes hands.

Criminologists, police and the gun trade agree that the controls have had little effect in cutting down crimes of violence. John Farr, MP for Harborough, complains that even where there is a conviction, the penalties are too small. Thus in the last three years, there have been 49 convictions for carrying a firearm with intent to commit an offence. The average sentence is 2 years 6 months, while the maximum is 10 years. "This pattern is repeated through all the firearm offences," Mr Farr says. "When the police do manage to convict somebody, he gets off far too lightly. I will press for a minimum sentence."

Denis Herbstein

HOUSING

In praise of the semi

THE SEMI, even though more than a million were built between the wars, has never been very highly thought of. Most town planning books have a picture of them, stretching out in bow-fronted pairs along grid systems of roads, disapprovingly labelled "inter-war speculative building." They have been dismissed as semi-detached houses for semi-detached people. In fact, says Croydon semi-dweller Geoffrey Chessum, who wishes to start an "in praise of the semi" movement, once the sneers vanish the semi is revealed as being better than any equivalent property on the market.

Taking an average £8,000 semi in the South East, Mr Chessum points out that land was not costing its current up to £50,000 an acre in 1930. The spec builder could afford to be extravagant with plot sizes and with the size and construction of the house on it. Mr Chessum's survey shows that the average semi has 1,150 square feet—set in a handsome plot 30ft by 150ft. Plots of 40 by 200ft are not uncommon.

Compare this, says Mr Chessum, with your average trendy modern "town house." Land, labour and material prices force the builder to be stingy. Three-bedroom town houses can be as cramped as 850 square feet, they are terraced, and a plot 25ft by 40 is good. Twenty-five by 30 deep is average.

Assume, at South East suburban prices, that the town house costs £12,000 and the price for living accommodation comes in at almost £18 a square foot. A good semi at £8,000—and Mr Chessum emphasises that that would be a good one—is less than £9 a square foot. Put another way, pricing a semi at town house rates would

value it at £15,000. And that completely ignores the mature garden—with fruit trees, shrubs, borders, rockeries, and possibly the occasional gnome. "A good semi garden should have a host of tricky little nooks to dilly in," says Mr Chessum. "I get a great sense of euphoria on a dewy morning in Croydon."

Semis are bigger; they also have the potential for variations and expansions. Halls, sitting rooms and dining rooms are separate; lofts are large, and easily convertible with custom-built staircase for £750 or so into a 12 by 12 foot bedroom, study or children's room. Many town houses have "open plan" ground floors, with no privacy, no chance to escape children, no chance for alteration. Nothing can be added or subtracted; every last inch has been used. Mr Chessum finds this "cell-like" and not the sort of thing any sane man would pay £12,000 for when he could get a semi for less.

Semis are better built. Internal walls are made of solid brick, window sills are seven inches deep, skirting five inches high, doors made of solid pine 1½

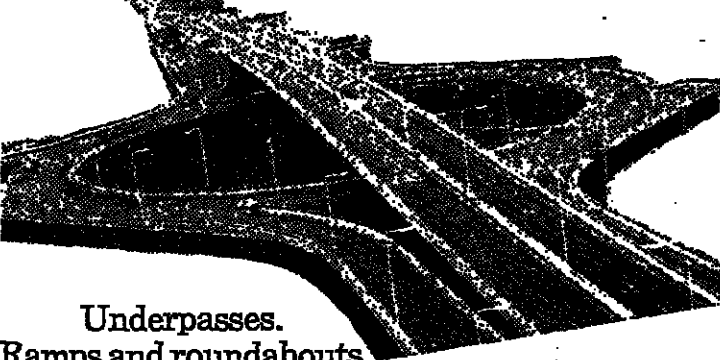
inches thick. New houses are emaciated. "The window sills are so small you couldn't get an ashtray on without it falling off. The internal walls are made of plasterboard tacked to timber uprights with an eighth of an inch of skim coat plaster. The doors will be a light wooden frame with ordinary hardboard nailed on each side. You could put a fist through. People do. A minor domestic row can cause major structural damage in a town house," says Mr Chessum.

At the moment, Mr Chessum is infuriated by people wantonly modernising semis. Walls are being removed to make open plans; doors with proportioned panels made by joiners are covered with hardboard faces; hefty front doors with stained glass replaced with a flimsy reeded glass. But prices are beginning to soar as people appreciate what Mr Chessum is sure is the last great bargain. "In a few years, we'll be saying 'do you remember when we could have picked one up for seven thousand.' No question of it."

Brian Moynahan



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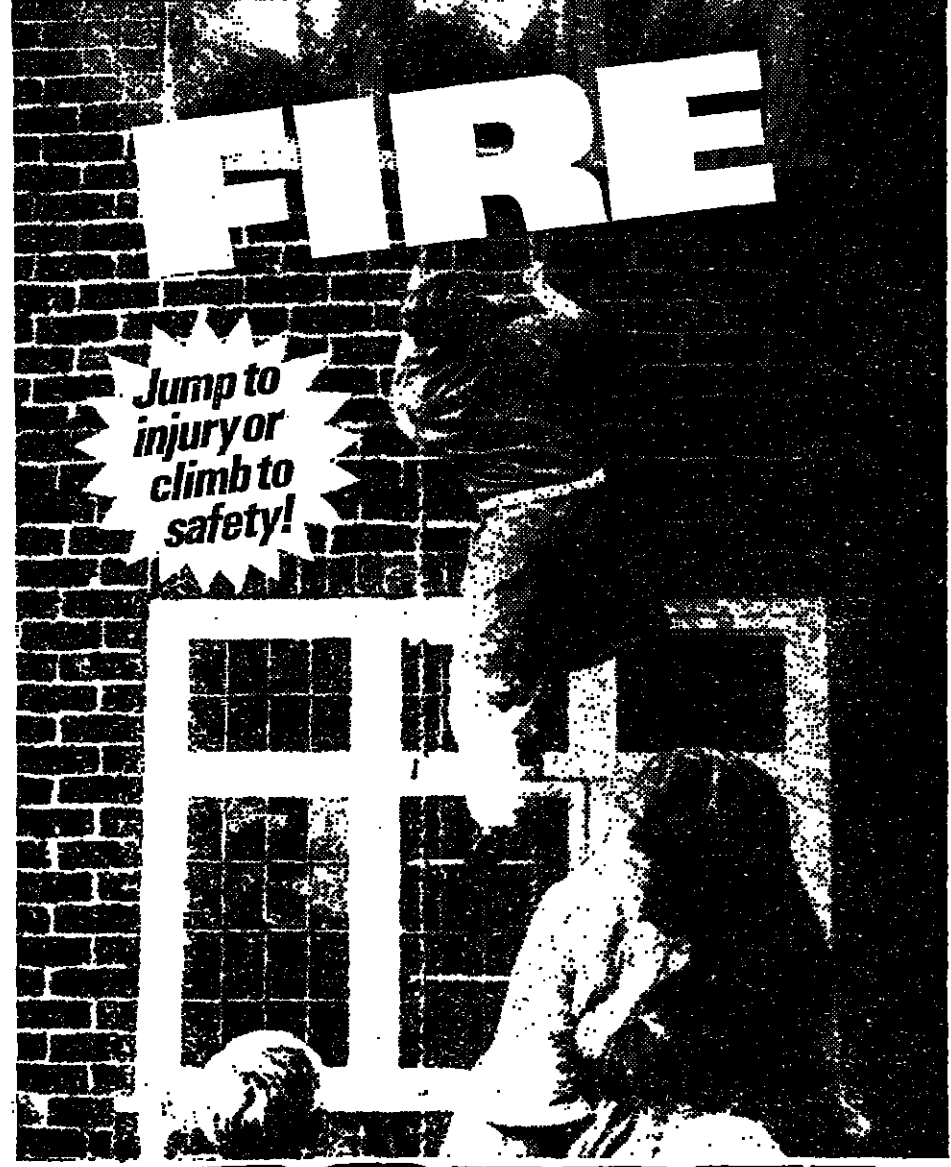
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Stockport knitting

THE SHOPPING precinct at Stockport, Cheshire, has a distinctly lively air even on a grey weekday in October (see right). The reason is that it has been thoughtfully planned to knit the town together. It was sited between two existing shopping streets—actually, on a slice of dual carriageway that nobody seemed to want. Some of the old roofs are visible at the top left-hand side. A gap in the town was plugged without any large-scale demolition; some of the multiple stores simply made their former back door into the main entrance, opening on to the precinct.

So everyone has a reason for crossing the central space, which consequently has the kind of bustle which is conspicuously absent from most redevelopment schemes. So, also, almost all of the shops are let. Even the two-level shopping works well, because the rest of Stockport is built on a steep hill, and the upper level slots naturally into this, via bridges beyond the shops on the right-hand side. In almost any town centre, there is back land which can be used in this way, to augment the existing facilities instead of demolishing everything and starting from scratch. The architect was Bernard Engle.



How to beat a problem 500 years old



THE Peterborough Development Corporation has just released its plan for the city centre, as part of the town's planned expansion—London overspill, mostly—from 85,000 to 135,000 people. It is a somewhat dry document, though, being edited by Derek Senior, it is much more concise and comprehensible than most of its kind. There are a few pages on the proposed visual structure, but I think few people could guess from them that Peterborough is making a remarkable attempt to give itself a proper identity.

To find the evidence of this you would have to get hold of Gordon Cullen's Visual Appraisal, which was inexplicably released to the local but not the national Press. It is a fascinating solution to a problem which has bedevilled Peterborough for 500 years.

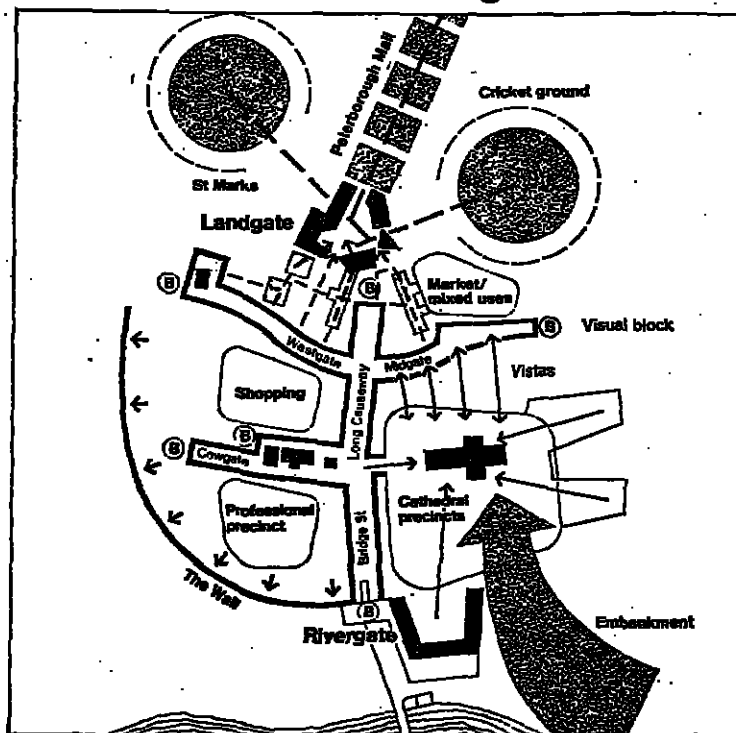
In the Middle Ages the place consisted of one colossal monastery and a few cottages around its gates. Come the Reformation, the monastery became a cathedral, luckily for us, but the town stagnated. In 1800 the population of Peterborough was only 3,500.

The railways changed all that. Peterborough made an ungainly

leap into the industrial revolution and for the last hundred years has been a mess: a tiny centre with few worthwhile buildings surrounded by mean yellow-brick streets bleeding away into the Fens.

WHAT TO DO? To build up the centre in the usual way would simply devalue Peterborough's one big asset, the cathedral. So the scale of the area round the market place is to stay as it is; instead, bigger buildings will go up a little farther out, in a way which will contain the existing centre and hence—for the first time—define it.

To the south, Rivergate will include a pedestrian podium on top of car parking, high enough to give views of the cathedral. That blocks Bridge Street. To the north, Landgate; a large square on the exact dividing line between inner and suburban Peterborough which will close the view up Long Causeway. To the south-west a wall of offices or shops which will contain the potentially attractive professional area around Priestgate. The south-eastern approach is open and will stay that way: fields of a sort all the way to the cathedral. All that is needed



How the centre of Peterborough may look: from Gordon Cullen's proposals to the Development Corporation

there is tidying up and new planting on a large scale.

So the core of Peterborough is to be given definite boundaries and a definite shape. Only then can the existing streets inside the core take on a proper character of their own—at the moment they have no chance; the space leaks away at a furious rate.

Basically, there are four different characters which meet at the cathedral gatehouse—"a suite of rooms," as the report says.

One, the cathedral close, is fine as it is and needs no alteration,

except for building up the north side, to give intimate views to contrast with the great vista from the south—an action which has caused opposition locally from people who would like the whole thing opened out, a T-bone steak on a vast plate.

Opposite the cathedral is the original market place, now rather forlorn. Its character is to be intensified by sinking the floor and, perhaps returning part of the market which should never have been moved.

Bridge Street and Causeway,

the north-south axis, would be thickly planted when the traffic is removed—the greenery contrasting with the hard landscape of the market place and the massive stone bulk of the cathedral.

It all adds up to Peterborough discovered, for the first time in its history. None of it is there on the ground—yet the plan exists, and if the Development Corporation carries it through it will have, by 1985, a city centre that will be worth going a long way to see.

IPSWICH was to have been another overspill town, like Peterborough. The plans for this were turned down in 1969, and a good job too, for they involved gobbling up good farmland and landscape on the west of the town rather than pulling together the ragged sprawl—on marginal land—to the east.

Since then, Felixstowe has become a major port. It is ten miles down-river from Ipswich, on the coast; the land between is largely spoilt, and the whole area is expanding industrially.

Surely here is a golden opportunity to make the whole area into one unit, and create a New Town that would have no difficulty in attracting employment. The expansion will happen anyway; why not direct it so that the result will be a cut above the usual sprawl?

The site is far enough from London, with good communications. It is on the seaside with a lot of resort facilities already in being, and the only environment that needs to be protected is the majestic river scenery of the Orwell estuary. It would be a pity if the opportunity was thrown away because of local amour propre; in a few more years all the land will be used up.

Ian Nairn

A sentimental journey

I DARE say literary pilgrimages are out of fashion, but I know no better reason for travelling, and few so good. To people like us, it's not just Wessex. It's Hardy's Wessex; White's Selborne; Henry Williamson's Devon; Hugh Walpole's Cumberland; Wordsworth's Grasmere; Jane Austen's Lyme Regis; Bennett's Five Towns; and so on. If you've been brought up to put books before money, the word before the deed, you can't help yourself.

You may live to regret it, but you can't help it.

Every so often I make a pilgrimage to Shipley in Sussex, just to look at the old house in the shadow of the windmill where Hilaire Belloc lived. King's Land is its name. The funny thing about this journey is that once you leave the high road, the lanes seem suddenly secretive and conspiratorial. It seems to take a long time to cover that last mile; you begin to wonder if the signpost was having you on. Even when you have sighted the windmill you can't keep it in sight. The lane twists and writhes as if to throw you off the scent.

The rolling English drunkard

Made the rolling English road wrote Belloc's friend, G. K. Chesterton. That is a typical piece of the poetic insight (or rhetoric) of that fabulous beast the imaginative landscape of my youth, breathing not fire but a heady and indeed hallucinogenic gas. I inhaled so much of this stuff I was literally drunk on it, for years. My head is only just beginning to clear.

First signs

I WAS 17 and a student teacher in Staffordshire when I first showed signs of addiction. A travelling salesman came to the school with a nice line in collected editions, which he humped around in two battered suitcases. The headmaster wanted no truck with him but he could hardly turn him away—after all, we were nominally a cultural establishment, though of the lowest order, and this was at the depth of the Depression—so he let the poor chap do his best during break.

He got nowhere with the rest of the staff, who had responsibilities which rated above collected editions, but he found the perfect customer in yours truly, who had just drawn his very first pay. I was dazzled by his wares and readily agreed to buy the essays of Hilaire Belloc, in eight vols uniformly bound in royal blue leatherette with rich gilt tooling. He said I should never regret it.

I signed a paper (he must have been desperate to accept it) which bound me to pay five shillings a month for many months. My salary was £4 a month of which I gave my mother £3. When my girl heard that I had signed away a quarter of my effective income for the essays of H. Belloc, she looked thoughtful



A BREATH OF FRESH AIR

and I dare say she had doubts, for the first time but not the last, about her intended's ability to keep on the right side of life's ledger. But she said nothing, bless her. Forty-two years later she is still saying nothing while I am still adding to the library which I founded by that reckless stroke of read-now-pay-later.

Belloc expanded my world dramatically. He and GKC were my unofficial education. I can see its faults now; they made me rotten with rhetoric. But their reverberating world of romanticism, great echoing shouts of chivalry and romantic loyalty to doomed causes, was a liberation to a Black Country boy brought up within the cosy horizons of nonconformity.

Model T

KING'S LAND is not much changed since Belloc scythed his grass and bottled his wine. But I wonder what he would make of Sussex today.

It is at least two counties. Parts of it remain oddly secret to this day. He himself, writing long before he bought his Model T Ford, made the point that the railways which opened up the coast to London served the paradoxical purpose of preserving and actually enhancing the rusticity of the hinterland. Even now traffic huddles along narrow megalopolitan belts, while the country between the race tracks is still deeply rural, reticent and even a little bit creepy, if you are made that way.

Some people are made that way. Not everyone enjoys the scenery of solitude. The patriot R. F. Deiderfield, who knows Britain better than most and loves it as much as any, said of Cornwall that "there are times when one attains a measure of spiritual isolation that is almost frightening."

He was writing of Bodmin Moor, and with justice. Not everyone can take scenery un-

modified by a measure of humanity. Heaven knows there is no shortage of humankind over the county. A mile main road you can be in its country. It is not wholly ful to compare the London road with the autobahn connects West Germany West Berlin.

Belloc's harb

I MADE a triangular t the two estuaries which loved. Going down the of the Adur everything quite: Storrington and ing are lively and lovely suddenly after the cement you hit the beastliness coastal belt, inhuman flyw double track roads certal made by rolling English kards but by cold-sober m and finally the jam-packed of the old unplanned coa Belloc's own harbou Shoreham, where he lande The Cruise of the Nona, which so affected me that I begged myself to buy gaff cutter, leaky at ever it is a bustling great devel now and as an estuary. I know few uglier. Ex are naturally beautiful naturally vulnerable. We got to make a living but be worth something not to make it in surround uly. As Richard Jeffery he who wrote The Story Heart, time that is not s looking on beauty is time (But there are beauties inner eye, as well.)

Dubious hab

THERE can't be many so so wantonly built-up is t from Shoreham to Little Still, there are come and as ever, they are hum I was dodging through I saw a solitary lady sit in some style on the tn lawn of her little huzelz ing out with a certain the dreary traffic and the architecture to the drab s with what looked susp like a glass of vin rose hand.

I was the silver-haire in the red car who blew kiss, dear. My wife says I shoul myself of this habit and man who say it looked too, but I resist their ge advice. Her stylish gest something for me and mine did something for I Much as I love deep it is the human factor makes life bearable as unbearable.

I have been so happy i hampton that it can nev uly to me, and coming valley of the Arun hung marvellous beeches is a in the golden days of St Summer, especially when coming home.

Maurice W



Vintage '71. A very good year for cars

1971. A very good year for motorists who believe that, like wine, a car improves with keeping. And that the better it's looked after, the longer it runs.

They're the ones who can appreciate the benefits of using Mobiloil Super 10W/50. The oil with the sparkling pick-up of a

10W/30 grade—the strong body of a 20W/50 grade for sustained high speeds.]

Mobiloil Super 10W/50.

The best of both worlds. The oil Mobil made to satisfy the demands of man and machine.

At a non-vintage price.

Mobil

مركزنا في الاحمد

The other Brazil

from the Brazilian Ambassador.

WAS astounded to read Mr. "Orman Lewis" analysis of Latin America (September 28) in your much-advertised Colour Magazine price Planet Earth.

This series sets out to be a new and comprehensive study of the world today, to be kept and used as a reference guide. As far as Brazil is concerned, however, the information provided is neither new nor comprehensive; furthermore, it is positively misleading.

Mr Lewis shows a distressing tendency to quote statistics out of context by more than a quarter of a century. According to his figures, life expectancy in Brazil is 40 years, infant mortality reaches 16 per cent, whilst 80 per cent of the population remains illiterate.

The truth—and corroboration may easily be found in both UN and Brazilian Statistical Yearbooks—is that illiteracy in Brazil is below 30 per cent, infant mortality 9 per cent and life expectancy 59 years.

Brazilians are not, of course, complacent about these figures which still compare unfavourably with the averages of the highly industrialised nations. But there can certainly be no excuse for Mr Lewis' use of inaccurate figures, not indeed for his failure to note the significant progress made over the past few years.

There is no mention of the fact that the annual rate of growth of the Brazilian economy in the last four years has been second only to that of Japan. Even the most hostile and biased observer recognises the development which has taken place and goes on to question the nation's ability to distribute equitably the benefits of its wealth. Yet Mr Lewis takes the unique stand of ignoring completely what so many have called an "economic miracle".

During the period 1957-1971, the one feature which has distinguished the once alarming inflation, now brought under control.

He chooses to overlook such significant events as the creation of the country's new capital which was planned and effected the opening up of the vast hinterland, the fact that during this period, a motor industry was established, now producing half a million cars a year; that a once non-existent ship-building industry is now delivering 450,000 dwt a year; that hydro-electric power capacity jumped from 3m kw in 1951 to 11m this year; that our exports have more than doubled to near US\$3 billion since 1957; that there is no roadbuilding programme in the world today comparable in size to that of Brazil.

How could he omit that last year Brazil invested in education 4.7 per cent of its GNP, thus placing the country among the five nations which spent most on education: some US\$1.3 billion this year, an amount equivalent to the whole Alliance for Progress programme for all Latin American countries in all fields?

In a passing reference to the political situation, Mr Lewis claims that elections were abolished in Brazil, and yet 20 million Brazilians cast their ballots at the General Elections last November.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

200 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1

A burden to our husbands

I RAISE the question of the only genuine Women's Lib: The financial liberation of disabled women, which would free them from being a burden to their ever-loving husbands.

We do not mind being imprisoned in our four walls. We do not mind being cabbages. We do not mind sitting on the inside looking out until we die. But we do mind seeing our husbands slaving for money to pay other women to clean our homes.

Of all the letters you have printed for and against Women's Lib, not one has mentioned the humiliating plight of thousands of disabled women. A disabled housewife can do nothing for herself, but by simply being in her home she can do much for those she loves. Are Miss Greer and her followers perhaps sitting on the outside looking in at us, the loved ones?

A woman injured at her job, or through an accident, receives compensation or damages. A housewife, caring for her family and then contracting a virus infection which leaves her paralysed for good, receives nothing. No tax concessions, no help from the Government. Nothing.

Let Germaine Greer stand up and tell us who would love and cherish her if she were to be paralysed. Because by God she would need someone. We don't want to be liberated from love, we need it. We just want a little help from the Minister of Social Security before our husbands depart this life from sheer overwork.

(Mrs) Mary Butterfield Shipley

WHILE progress has been made in this country against racial discrimination, nothing seems to have been done to fight social discrimination.

When I sold my house last year I decided to live in a caravan as this kind of life appealed to me. I found that caravans were generally unable to obtain anything on credit as it is claimed they are a financial risk, while tenants of council houses and flats are readily able to run up any bill on credit.

Yet such tenants can leave overnight taking with them their unpaid HP goods. If I wanted to move from my site it would cost me about £3 a mile to move my caravan, and the chances of finding another site would be very remote as there are always waiting lists.

I have a bank credit card, but in most cases this is of little use, because when I am asked to write my address at the back of the cheque many shopkeepers refuse to accept it. The fact that I am a modern language teacher is not thought relevant. I might just as well be unemployed.

Gerald Denley Nuneaton

MOTHERS must stay

MRS COMAN writes (Letters, last week) of the emotional problems of her child following a stomach wash-out when the child took a large number of Junior Aspirins, venture to suggest that the emotional problems may not have been caused by the overdose, but by the treatment itself, but perhaps from the child's searation from her mother during the treatment.

My daughter's three-year-old boy puzzled his way through a closed drawer, a zipped bag, and a screw-topped bottle to get at and swallow some sleeping-pills. When I wet with my daughter washed out the nurses tried to bar my daughter from the treatment room, saying it would be "best for her."

I said to her: "It might be best for you to stay out, but it will be best for him if you go with him." She went with him, and although it was very distressing for her, the child himself suffered no subsequent emotional disturbance.

I beg every mother to stay with her child during any such ordeal, holding the child herself and reassuring it.

A mother who wants to stay with her child when the child is admitted to hospital will find that she is backed by the Ministry of Health directive of March, 1966, in which all hospitals were urged to "do everything they can to see that mothers of young children have the opportunity of staying with them in hospital."

(Mrs) Christian Miller Newbury

Disinherited

IN HIS brief review (last week) of my novel, *The Disinherited*, John Whitley concludes with the derisive question: "Can one really ignore the invasion of Hungary?" If he had read page 321, he would have known that it is not ignored.

And was not really the most perceptive and enlightening thing he could think of to say about this last book in a large and ambitious trilogy, which attempts to tell the story of a whole generation of middle-aged, middle-class English which deals with such not entirely trivial matters as education, religion, social atmosphere from 1939 to 1966, French attitudes towards the English and each other, even down to analysing the pretensions and technique of some little London literary journalists?

Peter Forster London NW1

Airport threat

YOU SAY that the possible explosion of the wartime ship *Richard Montgomery* would cause flooding of Canvey Island, thus severely depending on the state of the tide (Spectrum, last week). Maplin Sands are a similar distance from the wreck, so presumably the third London airport will also be at risk during and after construction. Shock waves from the explosion, before or after bouncing off clouds, would be a danger to low flying aircraft.

T Tomlin Brentwood

Good Greer

GOOD to Germaine Greer for discarding unnecessary clobber. The fact that her articles provoke considerable comment (Letters, last week) makes them all the more relevant. I am pleased to see her writing regularly in *The Sunday Times*. Her column is very refreshing.

Christopher P King Eastbourne

Genocide in Tibet

THE PERVERSE admiration shown by the New Left in this country towards such dictatorships as Communist China, Cuba, Albania and North Vietnam is well known to students of the mass media. In *Planet Earth 2: The Indian World* (Magazine, last week), James Cameron's description of Tibet was predictable in its left-wing slant.

Mr Cameron remarks that hardly any outsiders had ever visited Tibet to see if it was a democracy or not. Surely Mr Cameron has heard of Bogle, Manning, Younghusband, Bell, Gould, Richardson, Parris and the late Spencer Chapman? If he hasn't, I suggest he reads Sir Charles Bell's *Tibet Past and Present* and The Religion of Tibet or Hugh Richardson's *Tibet and its History*.

Ever since the unwarranted invasion of Tibet in 1950, the Communist Chinese have been engaged in the systematic and ruthless genocide of the Tibetans in the name of "liberation." This year marks the twelfth anniversary of the Lhasa uprising when over 80,000 Tibetans were killed in their unsuccessful fight for freedom.

Since 1950, the Chinese have sealed-off the euphemistically entitled Autonomous Region of Tibet from foreign journalists and missions. Only the steady trickle of Tibetan refugees escaping to join 3,000 fellow-countrymen in Bhutan and 60,000 in India and Nepal give any account of the latest atrocities.

The tragedy of Czechoslovakia may help an understanding of the Chinese rape of Tibet. In modern power politics, it is neither practicable nor expedient for the West to intervene, but demonstrators and protesters whose tender consciences make them rally to the defence of the North Vietnamese and Black South Africans might well spare a thought for the religious and peace-loving people of Tibet.

A quarrel in a faraway country between people of whom we know nothing.

Duncan McAra Edinburgh, 9

Why Ceylon must be left alone

I AM a citizen of Ceylon and like most others I feel desperately unhappy that in a country like Britain there are so few channels open to us to reply to unjustified slander against our country—such as that contained in your report (last week) of the trial following the murder of Prem Manamperuma.

I take the liberty of presuming that you obtained at least some of your facts from Lord Avebury who recently visited Ceylon as a member of the international Amnesty mission, and who tried to pry into the secret political affairs of Ceylon and was therefore quite rightly advised to leave the country.

All true citizens of Ceylon, whatever their political alignment or ideology may be, fully endorse the strong government actions to control the April uprising which plunged the country into a state of fear and despair.

During a great violent uprising like this, small isolated incidents, like the raping and killing of a girl by the army, are minor and in most cases are fabricated by those who have an axe to grind.

You must admit that greater crimes have been committed by the armed forces in Vietnam and in Ulster today.

To give such publicity to isolated incidents whose authenticity you cannot be sure of is, to say the least, irresponsible on the part of an esteemed newspaper read by thousands of educated citizens of Britain. Ceylon must be left alone to sort out her own problems. Britain has more urgent and worse criminal offences that need to be highlighted.

(Dr) B S J Mendis London N21

Living Post

FROM the managing director T G Scott and Son Ltd CONTRARY to a statement by Harlow Unger (Business News, last week) the *Saturday Evening Post* is not dead. It did cease publication in 1969 but then Beurt SerVaas, the Indiana businessman, bought controlling interest in the Curtis Publishing Company Incorporated and on June 10 this year the SEP was relaunched as a quarterly. This company is managing the journal's UK and European interests.

J C N Hughes London WC2

Correspondents are asked to give a daytime telephone number where possible.

K A Spencer Newcastle upon Tyne

Letters

Letters

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Letters

Mallory and Irvine: new Everest theory under fire

ACCORDING to your report of Mr Tom Holzel's theory that Mallory and Irvine may well have reached the summit of Everest during the 1924 expedition (Sport, last week) Mr Holzel speaks of oxygen as though it were the panacea of high-altitude climbing.

All Mallory and Irvine needed to do, Mr Holzel implies, was to hit on an oxygen cylinder and forthwith reach the summit, despite the time factor. In fact, the weight of the cylinders used on Everest in 1922 and 1924 made the use of oxygen almost counter-productive.

Mr Holzel appears to have found nothing new. And he mistakenly claims that oxygen was used for the first time on an Everest summit attempt by Mallory and Irvine. That they used oxygen on their final climb was likely, for they had the equipment; but, of course, we cannot be certain that it was taken by the climbers to their furthest limit.

Mallory wrote back to Noel Odell at Camp V: "Will probably go on two cylinders—but it's a bloody load for climbing."

But in *The Epic of Mount Everest* Sir Francis Younghusband, the chairman of the committee which organised the early Everest attempts, while remarking on the two climbers' speed from Camp III to the North Col on oxygen, added that "Irvine's throat was already suffering from the cold dry air, and Odell thinks that the discomfort was palpably aggravated by the use of oxygen."

What is certain is that oxygen was used for the first time on an Everest summit attempt not by Mallory and Irvine but by George Finch, its first great protagonist, and Geoffrey Bruce on May 27, 1922, when they reached 27,300ft.

We all know about Wager, Wyn Harris and the ice axe which has been hanging on the wall of the Alpine Club for nearly 40 years. The position at which this was found on Everest in 1933, below the north-east ridge, indicates, as the expedition leader Hugh Rutledge contended, that one of the climbers may have slipped and the other instinctively dropped his axe to hold his companion.

(Prof Odell has told me that he believes that the ice axe belonged to Irvine because a small cross cut in the shaft is similar to crosses found on Irvine's swag bag and a few other of his possessions.)

But one might here presume to disagree with Rutledge and suggest that the accident was more likely to have halted the ascent than to have occurred on the descent.

It is very unlikely that the descent would have passed either on or above the point at which the axe was found since the downward sloping slabs of the ridge itself would have been extremely hazardous for the two very weary climbers, and a man of Mallory's experience would surely not have descended that way.

Most puzzling of all in Mr Holzel's thesis is that Professor Odell, with whom I recorded two half-hour conversations in 1966



Some of the 1924 Everest party: Andrew Irvine is back row left, next to George Mallory, his partner on the ill-fated summit attempt. Centre back is the expedition leader Colonel Frank Norton, with Noel Odell next to him

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Ulster delays

AS YET MORE troops arrive in Ulster, a still deeper pessimism settles over the province. The 1,700 extra soldiers measure the sheer barrenness of initiative which prevails in London and Belfast. Where politics has failed, the army multiplies. The restoration of order on the ground is, of course, a main priority. But if the history of the last two years shows anything, it shows that the military alone cannot bring peace. Since internment, every measure taken in Belfast with London's approval has pointed in the same direction: towards satisfaction of the Unionists by military means, and against satisfaction of the Catholics by political means. If any priority at all is assigned to the business of easing the Catholics back into the mainstream of Ulster politics, they have the right to look for more

than the ever-louder thud of the khaki. So have the British people, who are underwriting this expensive operation. After the tripartite talks last month, the impression was given that Mr Faulkner was at last ready to back a reform package, providing for more Catholic influence at Stormont. London, for its part, is cogitating the Faulkner proposals plus others of its own. Eventually, in weeks rather than days, a plan will be launched on the world. Judging from what Mr Faulkner himself has said, the radical quality of this plan will be minimal. But rather more important than this is the manifest fact that the longer the plan is delayed, and the longer the army remains the main emblem of London's interest, the more difficult it will be to retrieve the tatters of Catholic support for the very idea of Ulster. The argument, which began with the Unionists and is now heard in more respectable quarters, that there can be no reform until the last gunman has fallen, is a truly astonishing prescription for further disaster. It will be said that Mr Faulkner's own position is difficult. Friday's Unionist Council disclosed a greater weight of dissidence in the party than

was thought to exist. The Paisleyite embrace is already tightening, despite additional troops, despite the moves towards a local militia and other concessions. The increasing peril of Mr Faulkner, however, cannot be a reason for delaying the last-chance reforms. If by their very caution these fail to satisfy the Catholics, while at the same time driving the Unionists to even greater fury, then that is something which must be put to the test sooner rather than later. Reform is what Mr Faulkner is pledged to advance. Yet it now appears that even reforms initiated in 1969, such as reform of local government, is virtually unacceptable to the Unionist Party at large. The message implicit in this is gloomy to the point of apocalypse. But it is one which should not, and ultimately cannot, be fended off by the continued insertion of troops and the continued withholding of a last trial for Ulster as we know it.

Fair trials

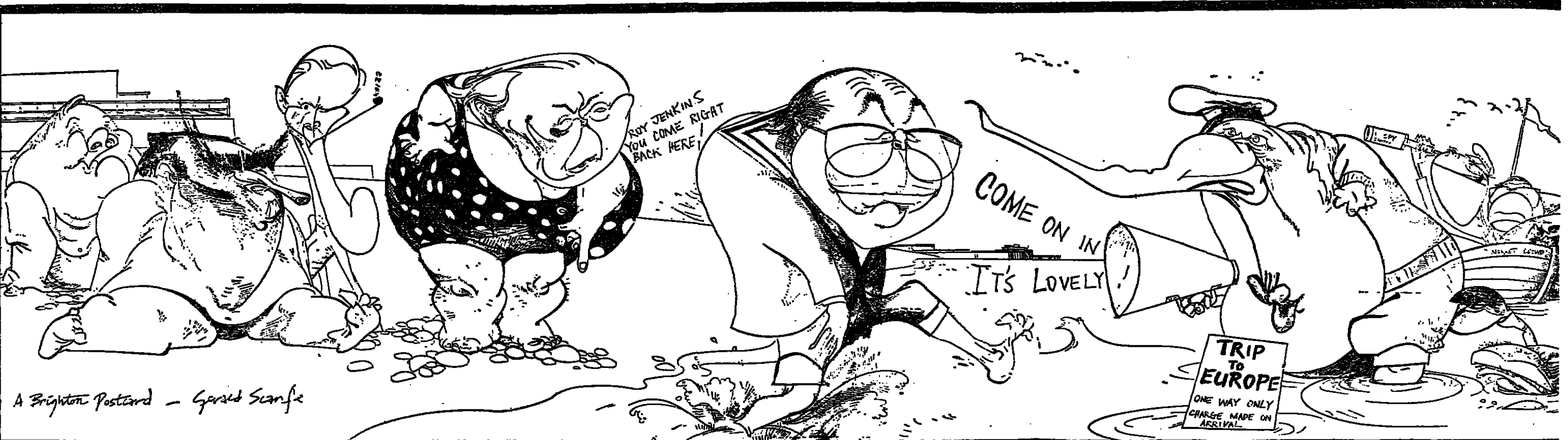
THE CASE OF Frederick Joseph Sewell is now sub judice. Whether or not he is implicated in the tragic death of

Superintendent Richardson is a question for the jury. Meanwhile, however, the preliminaries have had some disturbing aspects which, since they affect the quality of justice, must be raised now. The British tradition, reinforced by the law of contempt, is to avoid by every possible means implying that a wanted man is a murderer (or burglar or rapist or whatever) until he has been convicted. When a charge has been laid, the contempt law enforces this practice absolutely. But before a charge is laid the duty still exists to do nothing to damage a man's chance of a fair trial. It cannot be said that this duty has been rigorously observed in the Sewell case. The sheer weight of publicity, and the incaution of its presentation, has blurred the central distinction between a man wanted for questioning and possible charge, and a man who has committed murder. One reason why this distinction was not maintained was the decision of the police to charge other people with assisting Sewell while he was on the run. This charge stated categorically that Sewell "had murdered" the policeman, a formula which was necessary as a matter of legal tech-

nicality if the alleged accessories were to be detained with good and specific reason. Necessary though it may have been, the formula entitled newspapers to describe Sewell as a man "named as the killer." The result has been a drastic and deplorable loosening of the self-restraint customarily observed by Press and television. This deterioration of standards advanced a stage further last weekend, with some tendentious Press treatment of a police announcement that they wished to interview Sewell because he knew the victim of another murder, quite unconnected. Sewell was not implicated and another man altogether has since been charged. No one will criticise the police for devoting so many resources to this case. They are in the front line, unarmed; and certainty of detection is their best deterrent protection. In a prolonged manhunt it is quite impossible for the police or the Press entirely to preserve the suspect's reputation. But, however horrible the crime, it is the jury alone which can decide who was guilty of it. This fact should not be obscured by the events preceding the arrest of Frederick Joseph Sewell.

Better law

WE REPORT TODAY that the Home Office is about to make an important amendment to the Immigration Act. The registration of Non-patrials will be switched from the police to the labour exchanges. This is a valuable concession, which meets the argument of many people, including the patriots themselves and civil liberties immigrant groups. There was a danger that the requirement register with the police would make it more difficult for the patriots and the most easily identifiable patriots, namely coloured people, to maintain amicable relations. The change places a large administrative burden on the Department of Employment, but it removes a potential serious source of racial tension. Mr Maudling has now made a number of alterations to the Bill published. These emphasise the poor consideration a measure it. But the changes are for the good, it is not every Minister who ref to allow his *amour propre* to get in way of good law.



A Brighton Postcard - Gerald Scarfe

THE TORIES' NEED TO BE LOVED

RONALD BUTT

ONE MUST BEGIN with the mistake, as a wise man wrote, and find out the truth in it. It is in this sense that there may be a lesson for the Tories in the fatuously loose talk acclaiming anti-élitism, participation and populism which swept through the Labour Conference last week. This is certainly not to say that the Conservatives should go whoring after Mr Wedgwood Benn's false gods and still less that they should affect to indulge the plaintive call I heard (can I really have heard it?) from a youthful Labour delegate who proclaimed, like a voice from the tomb, that what young people wanted was to participate in Life! The Conservatives will rightly be more sceptical than Labour about vague concepts of participation as a way of evading coming to terms with the concrete problems of politics. Nevertheless, they will also recognise that practising politicians (who are an élite only in the sense that they are the best available and willing people to do the job of practical politics) must never lose sight of the people to whom and for whom they are responsible. This is the germ of truth in the error of anti-élitism. The Tory Party, however, will find it easier than Labour to recognise that the people to whom they are primarily responsible, and whom they must always keep in sight, are not the party activists but the people of Britain. The error into which the Labour Party is always prone to fall, and into which it has again fallen this past week, is to assume that responsiveness and democracy in their ranks means responding to the Party Conference. This is what has done more than anything else in the past to keep Labour out of office. For the Labour Conference, in its policy attitudes, is highly unrepresentative of the 40 per cent of the electorate who are Labour voters. Labour activist policies on nationalisation and the non-restraint of incomes, as well as the instinctive Conference attitude which generally sees Britain as the most suspicious figure in sight on the international scene, are all instances of the sort of approach which tends to drive a wedge between Labour and the public. Yet all of these attitudes (whether or not enshrined in formal resolutions) have in some degree manifested themselves more strongly again in last week's "lurch to the left." In contrast, when the Tories are

defeated, they understand immediately that they must first see where they went wrong in the eyes of the electorate. It is hardly less important for them to understand this when in power. The Conservatives, in other words, have to be not a populist, but a popular party in the broadest sense. As they prepare to gather in Brighton they must surely be well aware that they are in some need of renewing their popular support—and not simply in the sense of responding to their immediate poll-registered unpopularity. The Government, in its first year, has achieved a remarkable amount of what it intended to achieve. When this period is surveyed in retrospect, I think it will be seen that Mr Heath can fairly claim that he has succeeded in pointing a new direction for the nation. This is true, for instance, in the changes in the structure of taxation and the reduction of its incidence. It is true in its attempt to place resources of public finance where there is the greatest need and encouraging elsewhere some small steps towards more individual responsibility. The Government can even claim that in terms of gearing public spending to needs those most in need, it has actually done more already than Labour did. It has got the Industrial Relations Act that it wanted: it has achieved a Common Market agreement quicker than it expected. I am not here arguing the merits of these policies but simply stating the success the Government has had in doing what it set out to do. Labour's assertion that because Mr Heath has broken the consensus from the right, they are justified now in breaking it from the left, is itself a virtual acknowledgment that there has been a new direction in government. We are seeing a greater polarisation of politics in Britain, which I do not think is unhealthy. The Government also has serious failures which need no underlining. Primarily, there is unemployment: secondly, the cost of living. I detect some signs that the Government is now rather more confident about the speed with which unemployment will be diminished than it was a few weeks ago. Even so, the Government is as handicapped by this harsh period of high unemployment

escape the conclusion that it and when these young abstentionists do go to the polls most are likely to vote Labour in the present atmosphere. Yet this arises not so much because of adherence to straight-down-the-line Labour ideas as to a generally Leftist approach, of which Labour may be the beneficiary. Another relevant factor is that for a long time it has been known that the majority of the people in the country identify with Labour when asked, not with the Conservatives. The Conservatives get into power simply because, for whatever reasons, all the people who identify with Labour (largely on a class basis) do not turn out to vote Labour. It is therefore specially important for the Conservative Party to rebuild its links with the young (it had them in the fifties) and with what may be called working class voters. The Conservative Party has always relied on the support of a strong working-class vote but this is plainly at some risk, both by the grim fact of unemployment and the language that the Government has been talking. To some extent, this is a matter of communication but it also involves offering an ideal which is worth following. This is in many respects a strong Government and it certainly has an exceptionally strong Prime Minister who owes nothing to anybody (except to the electorate) and who is more in charge of his own party and destiny than any other Prime Minister in recent times. Latent in the nation there are also many "Tory" instincts which are at present frustrated and unexpressed, waiting to be re-awakened—including a sense of personal responsibility and a recognition that the interest of the individual as well as his nation, and in every class, it must do rather more than that to show that it is a party of the people. At least the things that its Conference will ask of it this week are not so likely to hinder these objectives, as the Labour Conference's demands are likely to embarrass Mr Wilson.

LAST WEEK Sotheby's sold at auction a jeroboam (the equivalent of six bottles) of claret. It fetched £2,850. Admittedly it was Chateau Mouton Rothschild (one of the finest of wines) 1929 (one of the finest of vintages). But even so, this works out at £475 a bottle, or £68 odd a glass, or £11 a swallow—assuming, that is, that with these statistics you could swallow the stuff at all before it choked you.

This is obviously a freak price, to say the least, reflecting, as well as the quality of the wine, the size of its container. At that rate a Rheoboam (8 bottles) would cost £23,600. But extraordinary prices were obtained in the same sale for other rare wines. Chateau Lafite 1884, for example—once described by one of the old school of wine writers as "like passing from fine prose to the inspiration of poetry"—was sold at £55 a bottle. Imagine dropping a bottle while decanting it or carrying it away from the sale. I yield, I hope, to no one in my affection for the utterly distinctive, crushed-violet, taste of Lafite, or for the taste and smell of other fine wines from Bordeaux and Burgundy. But the scale of values represented by what people are apparently prepared to pay for such wines is in danger of passing out of reality into the field of science fiction. Even the modern vintages of these great growths cannot be bought at less than several pounds a bottle; a wine-merchant's list I received last week offers Chateau Lafite 1970, undrinkable for at least ten years, at over £6 a bottle. Two or three cases of wine at this price, and you could have instead a second-hand Mini; two or three bottles shared with

some old friends would buy a week's package holiday on the Costa Brava. Now it could be argued—I would certainly be prominent among the arguers—that a magnum of fine claret, at almost any price, is preferable, immeasurably and infinitely preferable, to a package on the Costa Brava. But that is a personal view on a particular subject, and does not affect the general point that really good wine is now beyond most people's pocket (quite apart from the difficult problem of whom, assuming one is lucky enough still to have such wine left over from cheaper days, to share it with). There really used to be these cheaper days. I have before me the "Fine Claret" catalogue of a well-known, still-going-strong London wine merchant for the summer of 1932. Chateau Latour 1919 is 9s a bottle, Chateau Margaux 1900 is £1, 1870 Lafite, Margaux and Mouton Rothschild (all of them from the great era before disease struck the Bordeaux vineyards) 17s 6d each, 1869 Latour and Lafite 25s each. In many ways, the Thirties were a dirty page in our island story, but they evidently had some redeeming features. There are a number of

reasons why good wine has increased so greatly in price that it is now a first-rate capital investment, provided you are ready to dispense with income while you hold it. Production costs have risen, the Americans have at last woken up to its glories. These truths don't really interest me so much as the thought that I shall never be able to afford to buy, or rather will be inhibited from laying out the sort of money needed to buy, these growths again. These melancholy thoughts have, however, been partly relieved, or at least diverted by another item in the Sotheby's sale. A half-litre bottle of Tokay Essence 1834 went for £46. Half a litre is two-thirds of an ordinary bottle of wine, so that this corresponds to about £69 a bottle. Where, it may fairly be asked, is the bargain here? The answer lies in the legend—ary curative and restorative powers of Tokay, which put it into another category from claret, however distinguished. It would not be too much to say, judging from some of the claims made on its behalf, that despite the expense, no well-stocked medicine chest should be without a bottle. Made from grapes grown on volcanic soil in north-eastern

Hungary, Tokay Essence is the juice of the almost raisins, carefully gathered one by one loaded into small casks called hods. The base of hods is perforated, so juice from the dried grapes expelled solely by the weight of the fruit and without other pressure being exerted is allowed to drip through the hods. Only this precious drik is drawn off after the grapes used for making Tokay. Though low in alcohol content, essence of Tokay, entirely contains a large element of phosphates of iron, potash, etc., the effect which upon a sexually patient can be no far from miraculous. Numerous exist of nearly moribund sufferers, being restored to comparative health and few testimonials of this comparable kind. "It ranks" (I quote from a treatise on food and diet by a former physician at the Hospital) "among the wines, but with a sweet it possesses an excellent rich, aromatic, mouth-filling flavour. It is an advantageously recommended for rousing the powers of an invalid life to the end of invalid." Voltaire also ecstatically about the Tokay Essence. "If one in order to acquire a bottle of wine, to hand Venice or of a complete Sir Walter Scott's leather-bound and gold-tooled then at least let it be for a thing which, unlike Scotch Mouton-Rothschild, one day bring one back the dead.

An' what's that make you, then? asks Patrick Campbell

I NOTE that Mr Richard Crossman, the er-capable and energetic Editor of the New Statesman, has been taking a holiday in Ireland and letting the readers of that magazine read all about his experiences. By his own testimony Mr Crossman went to Ireland in the hope that the strife in the North would have cleared the hotels and beaches of the South of holidaymakers less courageous than himself. This he found to be so. In one hotel, in fact, he and his party were the only guests. They were, however, one flaw in this gloriously solitary tour. "I was," he writes, "recognised far more often than if I had been touring in England or Wales, and even a shepherd of whom I asked the way replied by asking, 'Aren't you Richard Crossman?' (I suppose that the Irish have nothing to do of a winter green except look at television; anyway, they are as excited by a politician as any Greek.)"

Already there has been more than enough confusion and misapprehension between Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic. I feel compelled, therefore, to straighten out Mr Crossman in the matter of his supposed fame in the Irish Republic before he adds further to the existing unrest by touching upon the subject—as he is more than likely to do—again. It is true that many hundreds of thousands of people in the Republic turn to television because they find nothing better to do of a winter's night. On the other hand this paralytic activity separates them in no way from the millions in Great Britain who have the same falling-in addition, of course, to that of not recognising Mr Crossman as often, per capita, as their fellow sufferers do in Southern Ireland. There is, however, a difference between the two groups. The BBC leaks through but dimly and jerkily to Galway and the West, where Mr Crossman began his pilgrimage. The pictures are, indeed, so close to invisible that no inhabitant of those parts would dream of looking at them unless, perhaps, a race meeting of some import were taking place. The suggestion that they would

strain their senses to absorb the shadowy words and gestures of Mr Crossman talking English politics to some fellow beyond in London is too silly to bear consideration. The facts of Mr Crossman's self-alleged fame in the West of Ireland are far more clear. Everyone that bothered about him at all supposed him to be somebody of popular notoriety like Lord George-Brown, Frankie Howerd or Danny La Rue. Not even then would they have approached any of these amiable comedians with any show of true interest, or compassion. In Ireland we treat the famous stranger with notable cool. When the glittering name is thrust upon us we say, "Is that so? An' what's that make you, then, whoever you?" In rebuttal of this Mr Crossman might well repeat his dialogue with the (?) shepherd. (I have to guess at Mr Crossman's opening line.) R.H.C.S. Would you be good enough to direct me, my man, to the nearest and cheapest empty hotel? (?) Shepherd: Aren't you Richard Crossman?

Could anything be improbable? The shepherd of course my old friend the G. O'Toole, part-time caddy, card seller, classroom attendant and general ho d'offaires. The Gosser v have been tipped off in D.W. Select Lounge and Bar night before. No doubt Th Doyle speaking! "There's a big lump fella comin' this way a questions and lein' on knows Jack Lynch an' Ti Heat" an' all. "Is it now?" says the Gosser, ing his lips. The name of visitor is established by rience to the local, empty b which has it all over t books. Next morning, Gosser is leaning ver a at the crossroads, with s entirely irrelevant heap in background. In response the request for directions Gosser delivers his line (rectly): "Wouldnt you Misher Richard Crossn whoever you?" "Id give a couple of g lookin' quid to kn-w how articulate publicis went from there.

سنة ١٤١٢

years there have been reports of corruption in the flood of American money and material being poured into South-East Asia. Recently these have received disturbing confirmation from official sources. An investigation by a US Senate subcommittee to a number of high-ranking American officials implicated, and one Major-General has been imprisoned on corruption charges.

Edward Kennedy has denounced "sloppy and diversion of goods, and illegal distribution" needed for refugees, and the Senate subcommittee, for example, that a single American contractor million in one year through pilfering. The total US Government through illegal currency rackets officially—and conservatively—estimated at half a billion a year.

h figures are as hard to grasp, as unreal, as war victims. This is the story of corruption on an inable scale as it seemed to one man—the man ding to testimony recently given by the staff of gressional inquiry, "launched the entire Senate on." His story, which has already created a n Germany, is to be published in full here soon.*

Godfrey Hodgson

TON LORRY was to be in convoy, to load of C rations on in from Saigon port in Long Binh. But it was when it the pick-up truck the dirt verge of the 15 miles north of February, 1967.

a big Honda motorc led his pickup and as it to pass the Instead, it stayed a figure jumped from on to the lorry's ward. For a moment, s headlights glinted e-blade held at the r's throat.

otorcyclist led his ck, the man with the hanging on to the ard. Neither of them notice that the pick- followed until the fore it overtook the smashed into the

up ran over the man machine, then braked d round to block the Vietnamese with the ped and ran, but the ecelerated after him shed into him too. ly, the driver backed er the body three or to make sure.

was nothing in any ense in it for the he pick up truck who

erusal War, The Story s Hawkridge by James nerson, is to be pub- month by Hodder & n 22.75.

AL KINGDOM takes ously not only the ed its young but also nem so that they can fend adequately selves. The parent pass on certain wisdoms which when enable the young to s adults. Not for utter folly that the young know as much parents. They in- know that this i the death wish for ies. How strange t amongst human ny present day intel- ders deny this deep lity to prepare the ung for adulthood, if generation gap it is

An answer to surtax and what comes after

h less than two years to go, you might think hardly worth fighting. But though the name o, the amount you will be asked to pay under w unified tax system will be much the same. runately Towry Law have plans that can not ut surtax immediately but also do the same new unified tax. You could pay substantially d thus have more income to spend.

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A convoy of American lorries with Vietnamese civilian drivers leaves Newport Facility, Saigon, piled with military supplies. The fast-growing 'theft board' at a trucking terminal in Hu Duc reveals the extent of Vietnamese corruption

VIETNAM: HOW CATCH-22 CAME TRUE

had thus coldly and expertly killed two men. Quite the opposite, in fact: he had been offered 10,000 dollars to turn a blind eye to routine hi-jackings like the one he had just so summarily punished. He had not killed for the Americans, or the South Vietnamese, and still less for the Viet Cong. In the middle of the war they were fighting, he was fighting a war of his own. It was, to borrow the title of a book about him which is shortly to be published in London, a very personal war.

The book is the story of one man's war against corruption in Vietnam. It is about an epic, a mind-bending scale. It makes Catch-22, Joseph Heller's fictional extravaganza about the American army in Italy in the Second World War, seem unimaginative by comparison.

Heller's wildest flight of fancy was in stolen bombers. In real life, it seems, a Vietnamese truckdriver drove round Saigon for two days in April, 1967, vainly trying to flog a top-secret computer worth \$2,500,000 he had stolen from the docks.

In the autumn of 1970, there was a big security alert at Tan Son Nhut airport, Saigon. The reason, the book reveals, on the best possible authority—that of the thieves—was that an entire container truck had been stolen loaded with tons of US army military scrip: millions of dollars

worth of certificates that could be changed into real money, and doubtless were.

In the single year 1967, according to official US sources, half a million tons of rice were stolen. If you loaded that much rice into 10-ton trucks, it would stretch bumper to bumper for 238 miles: roughly from London to Paris.

THE DRIVER of the lethal pickup truck and the central character of A Very Personal War is called Cornelius Hawkridge. At the time, he was employed as a security officer by one of the big civilian contractors supplying American troops (though by physically attacking offenders he was operating very much outside the rules). He is now 44, a small wiry man with brown eyes and hair shaved like an American marine, and he has been fighting, on his own, in one way or another for a very long time.

Hawkridge is an American citizen now, though he has been living in the Cotswolds for the last couple of years, but he was born in Hungary. His grandfather was a British officer who took service in the police, first in Bulgaria, then in Rumania. His father, Colonel Hawkridge, was a police officer in pre-war Hungary who specialised in political crime and was killed in the line of

duty. Aged 17, and already passionately anti-Communist, Cornelius was trained by the Nazis as a field policeman to fight Communist guerrillas, then later fought the Red Army as a guerrilla himself.

He remains to this day a dedicated anti-Communist, which is not surprising in view of the fact that he spent seven and a half years altogether in Communist jails and labour camps in Hungary, 29 months of which was in solitary confinement. He was released shortly before the Hungarian Revolution of October, 1956, and found himself one of the heads of the Revolution's own security police. On his own showing, he was not merciful.



Cornelius Hawkridge: fighting a very personal war

When the Russian tanks came back, he had no choice but to make for the frontier. He reached America late in 1956, by courtesy of the CIA, still wearing a Russian army greatcoat he had taken off in Budapest. He arrived with no great expectations of America, and ten years of disillusionment followed.

It was not until 1965 that he first came in contact with USAID, in Santo Domingo. He was not impressed: his job was to look for alleged corruption in aid distributions. The inefficiency of the American military machine contrasted with what he remembered of the Russians.

NONE OF ALL this prepared him for what he found when he got to Vietnam, in late October, 1966. His job was to run a school in Qui Nhon where Vietnamese would be trained to run refugee camps, but the camps appalled him. The first he visited had a big sign over the gate saying "VICTIMS OF COMMUNISM". Inside 2,000 people were living in shacks made out of USAID crates with three wells and no lavatories. Food, building materials and money all regularly got stolen before they reached the camps, but in this respect the refugees were hardly any worse off than the army. Hawkridge was told he ought to get a weapon, so he went to see the colonel in

charge of security in the Qui Nhon area. "Sorry," said the colonel. He explained that as fast as weapons were handed out to the Vietnamese forces they were sold, often the same day. No sweat, all Hawkridge had to do was go down to the market, and he would be able to pick up any weapon he wanted for 25 to 30 dollars.

The colonel was not wrong. The Qui Nhon market—next to the wretched refugee camp—was stacked with every conceivable kind of US military equipment. There were C rations and K rations, thousands of cases of booze, army clothing still in crates, television sets, washing machines, and enough guns, shells, grenades and ammunition to supply an entire US division in the field for a month. Later the South Vietnamese police admitted that \$11 million changed hands in that one market every month.

Wondering whether there were limits, Hawkridge asked a Vietnamese stallholder whether he could buy a tank. "Tanks are a bit difficult now," the man said. "But how about some armoured personnel carriers? Or helicopters, of course. We can't provide very many just off the cuff, but we can get hold of some more if you would like to place an order. Perhaps I could interest you in a heavy-duty truck?"

Last week, in London, Hawkridge told me that he knew

where he could still fit out a whole division with stolen US army equipment in Bangkok or half a dozen other cities in South-east Asia. "Helicopters, maybe not in Bangkok. But uniforms, vehicles, weapons right out of their cases, no problem, you name it. And in Qui Nhon? I'll equip you an army."

After three months in Qui Nhon, Hawkridge was so disgusted with the refugee camps that he quit. In January, 1967, he moved down to Saigon and found a line of work that gave him a front seat for observing how the tide of American abundance, military and civilian, got diverted into a thousand fetid backwaters like the Qui Nhon market. He worked in security for two successive American companies, each of which had extremely lucrative contracts to haul supplies from the Saigon docks.

The night when he ran down the two Vietnamese hi-jackers was the culmination of weeks of impotent rage during which he watched Vietnamese and Americans, military and civilians, impudently stealing anything that wasn't nailed down and some things that were. American personnel were strictly forbidden to lay hands on Vietnamese, and it was a very naive question to ask why the Vietnamese police did little about what was going on.

Hawkridge could never re-

concile the kind of cargo that was coming in by the tonload with the fact that thousands of GIs and untold Vietnamese KIAs were dying in the paddy-fields and the jungle. There were television sets, washing machines, stereo recorders, and slot-machines. Not a single drop of American beer was supposed to be sold to the Vietnamese; but whole convoys of it were sold openly by civilian dealers.

One night Hawkridge lost a whole truckload of typewriters. Another night it was wrist-watches, a third time three truckloads of fire extinguishers. One night in January 1967, 42 out of 68 truckloads of cement never reached their intended destination. The supervisors, many of them American and Australian ex-servicemen, were armed to the teeth, and convoys were organised with two Jeeps mounting M60 machine-guns. It made no difference: the Vietnamese drivers were paid off and used to disconnect their ignition leads, leaving the escort with the choice between losing one truckload or losing the lot.

It was not unknown for ships to lose half their cargo before they even tied up at the wharves in Saigon. In violation of the strictest regulations, swarms of native craft came alongside them out in the river and sucked them like leeches. By the time he eventually left Vietnam, he knew of the whereabouts of millions of dollars' worth of stolen government property, including trucks, heavy machinery, several house trailers, and 40,000 bags of cement. Nobody

continued on next page

The betrayal of the young

by Rhodes Boyson

Headmaster of Highbury Grove School, London

childish scribbles and obscene graffiti are held to be equal if not superior to the world's greatest works of art. No wonder our young people are confused when they are refused the bread of traditional wisdom and real perspectives and are offered sets of half-baked and dangerous fallacies. They are no longer offered the political and spiritual truths which man has struggled to acquire over 5,000 or more years but are told that experience and passion is all and that all experience and passion is equal. Millennium fictions and dreams have replaced winnowed wisdom, and slogans have replaced the logic of traditional reason.

The trained development of the young is stifled for fear of creating inhibitions, and there are no rules, so that a girl develops suicidal inhibitions in believing that there is something wrong if she is still a virgin at 16 and a young man not desiring regular thrice daily intercourse takes to drugs believing that he is an under-performing wreck. Politically the young are offered the equally dangerous fallacy that all that is wrong with the world is caused by fascists of thirty years upwards and could easily be put right by a return to bloodshed or anarchy which would put the romantic primitives in control of our society.

High-rise flats — and rootlessness

Who is responsible for this gross betrayal of both the rising generation and of our cultural past? Just as the tribe, the elders and the witch doctor pass on the wisdom of the past and set tests of acceptance for the young, so should the neighbourhood, the schools, the parents and the Church today.

The neighbourhood as a unit to which the young can belong is ceasing to exist. Schooling is being centralised, huge local government units are created in the name of efficiency and the small terraced houses with their own backyards are being replaced by amorphous high-rise flats with no sense of identity. The street used to be a real unit for the working-class child and one taught the children from

other streets with clods of earth and snowballs within set rules. The new young made rootless and pitiless now satisfy their need for competitive groups by identifying with soccer teams and pledge their troth to what is not just a geographical unit but attacking supporters of other clubs and breaking up trains and running amok in rival towns.

Class loyalties have also declined and a class system is attacked as "divisive." There was a marvellous smugness in accepting the standards of one's class yet acceptance brought a warm sense of belonging and gave happiness to many people. Such class loyalties, deployed by the egalitarian and the meritocrat, gave purpose and stability to many families. Now many of the young middle class, trained to respect the values of their class, try to identify with the value of the lower working class to which they can never belong and we see the farcical situation of university students rejecting the values and worth of education while they attempt to identify with workers who themselves are busily trying to climb the ladders of life.

Education is today expected to solve all the problems which society itself finds insoluble. Universities exist to pass on accepted wisdom and knowledge and to train minds to advance learning further while schools should securely pass on the skills of literacy and numeracy. Basic values like punctuality, good attendance, a sensible attitude to dress, a sense of fairness and humour, and high standards in whatever one does can also be indicated in schooling. Education cannot give instant answers to political, moral and economic questions but it should aim at developing a frame of mind which can through thought suggest solutions to problems. This will not occur if so-called intellectual leaders declare that within democratic thought and scholarship all opinions should not only be heard but are of equal validity—indeed this is the quickest way to seduce the young away from all genuine wisdom and scholarship with disastrous consequences. Parents have for twenty-five years been inundated by advice from psychologists as to how to bring up their children. Parental confidence in their own common sense and the traditionally successful

methods has been regularly challenged in the media. Thus battered and confused and fearful of destroying the spirit of the young they have withdrawn from involvement and guidance and the young, feeling betrayed, have rebelled, hoping to find in conflict both the love and the standards of their parents. But the parents have fled while joining in groups to condemn the behaviour of the young. How can the young succeed and be loyal when the older generation hasn't passed on the mechanism and controls of wise decision-taking but has left them in the name of freedom to fend for themselves?

The wrong priority of the Church

The final betrayal has been by the Church. Youth is looking for guidance as to the meaning of life. Many of the "drop-outs" are seriously concerned with moral values and whether there is a God. Indeed the behaviour of groups of the young who believe that the millennium is at hand strangely resembles that of the early Christians. Yet the Church seems to be determined to turn itself into a social agency and it seems to have forgotten that it exists for the salvation of souls. The slogan of "Light—Smile—Jesus Loves You" could be attacked by the sophisticated but it was an obvious attempt to remind the Church of the reason for its existence without which it and they are purposeless.

What is the solution? Local loyalties and group ways of life must be cherished or rootless youths, the urban gang responsible to no-one and the urban guerrillas, could destroy our cities. Education must remember what it is for or the traditionalists in a strange alliance with the de-schoolers will cut it back and start again. Parents must be encouraged to believe that the traditional methods of bringing up their children are more likely to be right than the ever-conflicting advice of experts. Just as many progressive methods in education are being discredited, modern child psychology is very suspect and children both in schools and families desire warm security with rules rather than outcast freedom and an appeals system to bureaucratic embodiments. Finally, every unstable age like ours is very brought back to its senses by a coherent philosophy, generally a religious faith. Maybe it's again the time the Church preached Christ crucified and risen from the dead for the salvation of all men.

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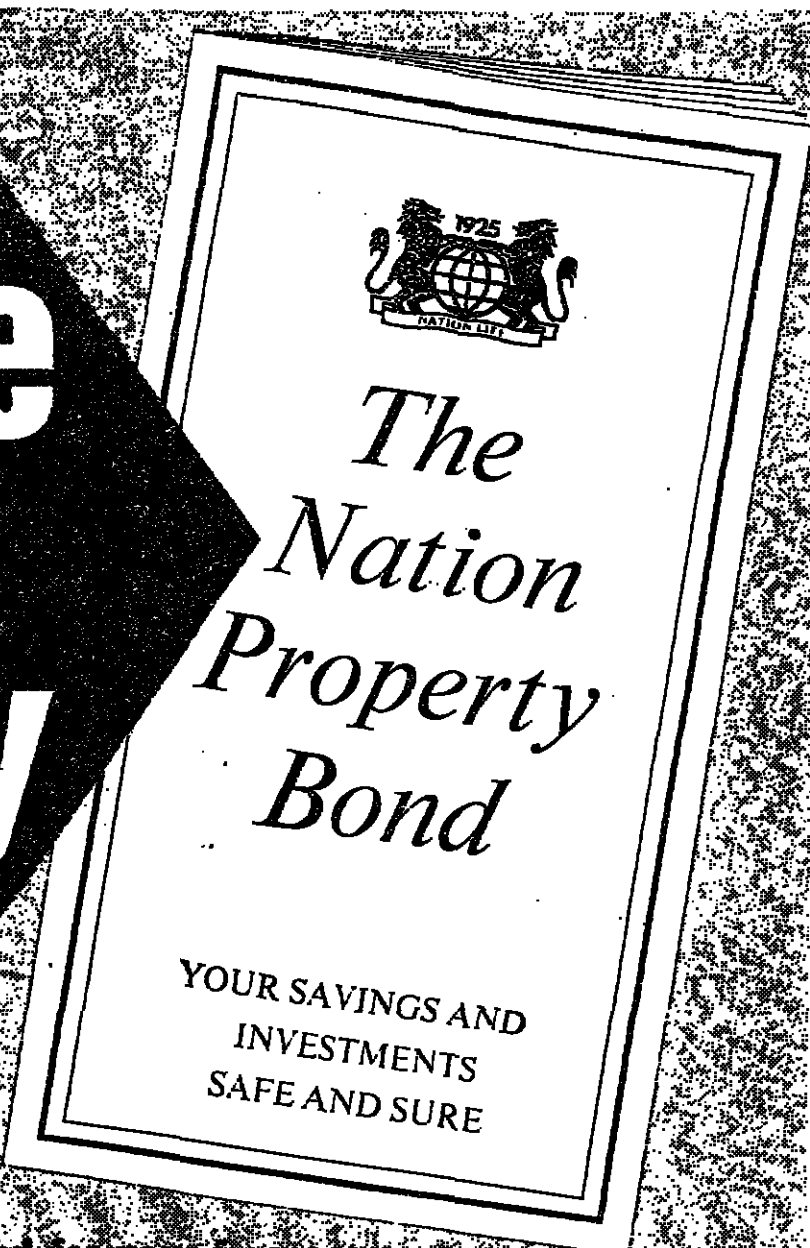
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continued from preceding page
cared: nobody even wanted to know.

The Viet Cong were everywhere. By December 1966 they succeeded in blowing up 80 trucks belonging to Equipment Incorporated, which had a contract for military AID haulage. Next month, they managed to embed 2,000 lb of explosive in the concrete of a brand new pier in the military harbour.

Hawkrige acquired a total disbelief in official statistics for Viet Cong killed. One day after an ambush a few miles from Saigon in 1967, 268 were claimed dead. Hawkrige rushed over to collect the 268 AK47 rifles, which were worth 100 dollars apiece. Jeep-loads of Green Berets had beaten him to it with the same idea in mind; but no one found a single weapon.

The Viet Cong chief in Hawkrige's second firm was an official of the South Vietnamese Labour Ministry, and in spite of Hawkrige's gun-ho attitude to security this functionary was able to protect him when the inevitable happened and the Viet Cong captured him one night. He, for his part, anti-Communist though he remained, was able to tell the guerrillas with perfect truth that he respected them, because they were indifferent to the lures of consumer durables, and that the Americans were "drowning in the sea of their own wealth."

The frugal revolutionaries confined themselves to forcing him to steal a modest quantity of beer for them—for immediate consumption—and let him go.

EVEN BEFORE he moved down to Saigon, Hawkrige had encountered an even bigger scandal than the pilfering and the black market: the currency racket. The very first day he needed to change dollars into the military payment certificates (MPCs) which the Americans use as currency in the PX and the mess halls. A friendly Korean took him to see a ragged Vietnamese woman in a tiny hut some 15 yards from the MPs on guard duty at the main gate of the base. He got more than 50 per cent better than the official rate.

He decided to find out how easy it was to change how much money. He cabled his bank in America to send him \$2,000 to a bank in Bangkok, picked it up and took it to the wretched-looking Vietnamese woman. She said, "No sweat," and counted out \$4,000 in MPCs. He converted it into real dollars again by the simple expedient of sending the maximum permitted amount back to

VIETNAM: CORRUPTION



Some of the pavement stalls selling American PX goods, stretching along Saigon streets

the States in money orders, paid for with MPCs, from several different army post offices.

The operations of the Vietnamese woman at Qui Nhon were small change compared to the amounts you could change in MPCs or piastres, Hawkrige found, with the Indian money-changers in Saigon. There was never any difficulty about getting them to give one 50 per cent premium in MPCs for your dollars. The trick was to turn the MPCs back into greenbacks, and to do this there were innumerable dodges. One favourite was to order a car back in the United States, pay for it in MPCs, which you could do, then cancel and ask to be refunded in your bank account at home—in ordinary dollars, of course.

Hawkrige's private investigations convinced him that these Indian businessmen worked with both sides. The Viet Cong used them to change the piastres they levied on traffic in "road taxes" into dollars, which were shipped north up the Ho Chi Minh trail to buy arms and ammunition.

He traced the ramifications of the currency racket to a forwarding address in the Kowloon district of Hong Kong, which acted as a front for a bank he believed to be controlled by Communist China.

He travelled all over south Asia on the track of the black market currency racket: to Bangkok, Singapore, Tokyo. He became friendly with a number of brothers called Ameen, who were big currency dealers. He learned the code-name of an account with a big Wall Street bank. Senate investigators subsequently found that \$51 million had been deposited in it, the profits of illegal currency deals by Americans in Saigon. They also found 12 other similar accounts that had been used for the same purpose.

One of the Aameens confided to Hawkrige that he had been changing money for the Americans for 20 years and more, first in the Philippines, then in Korea, then in Saigon. If only the Americans would stay a little longer in Saigon, Hawkrige remembered the Indian saying wistfully, his family would perhaps become the richest in the world.

"How rich?" Hawkrige asked. The Indian became coy, and refused to say, but he agreed to write the figure of the business his family had done on a slip of paper and stuck it in an envelope. It was only when he got back to the hotel, Hawkrige says, that he read the figure. The Aameen family had changed \$2 billion.

The figure may sound fabulous. But when United States Senate investigators checked only 13 bank accounts used for illegal Saigon currency transactions they found evidence of black market transactions amounting to about \$360 million in one year.

HAWKRIDGE'S CURIOSITY did not stop short with the black market in currency. He became intrigued by the regular arrival of light aircraft at the back of the old AID terminal at Tan Son Nhut airport in Saigon during January and February, 1967. From their identification markings he established that most of them flew in regularly: some of the aircraft belonged to the South Vietnamese security police.

One night he managed to creep up to a sloppily-guarded light aircraft which had not been unloaded. It was carrying large parcels, one of which he quietly opened. Out came several small packets, each weighing a few pounds, wrapped in plastic. He took it to a friend who is a chemical wholesaler. Even before he tested it he knew what it was. Raw opium.

He followed the trail of the opium back to Viet Nam, where opium is legally in the market. He learned about the journey it makes to reach the outside world of it is grown in 1 Burma. The Karen try to smuggle it across the border into Thailand, where it is "taxed" to Kuomintang Chiang Kai-shek nationalists who still in those remote districts crosses the Mekong near Houei Sai, and it is flown down to 1 literally by the ton. He learned that a senior politician runs the trade in north La that the CIA allows generals to use its private. Air America, f opium.

IN MAY, 1968, Hawkrige Vietnam, and went to small business in the Washington. In January after he had been contacted by investigators from the sub-committee, his car by a lorry on the high Seattle.

He and his wife were thrown 90ft through a screen. His wife was and he was in hospital weeks. Both lungs were injured, his skull was fractured, and he is still in pain steel pin in his hip. He is still in his bed, and the Senate committee was given wheelchair.

The results of the investigation disappointed. The investigators came on misuse of non-appropriated funds: in other words cases where the GIs cheated, not the US ment. The "Sergeant" which exposed racket PX military stores, from the investigation Hawkrige feels that beer compared to the t and currency rackets, nobody seemed unduly to get to the bottom of that would implicate powerful people.

He dreams of coming the cold, literally as metaphorically. He wants to forget Vietnam somewhere in the sun his hip would ache less does in the damp winter. But now the operations sub-committee of the House of Representatives has asked him to help gate "the cancerous market currency man rackets" in South-east has agreed to help, but that this time the Cong investigators pull no punches.

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Unwillingly to College?

Has the academic establishment concentrated so much on student numbers and the structure of higher education that it has paid insufficient attention to the content of university education? Sir Eric Ashby asks this in the first issue of The Times Higher Education Supplement, on 15 October. As higher education expands many students will be unwilling conscripts, he warns. Has the establishment any solution to offer? Also in the first issue among other interesting

articles and features:

- * Arts and sciences in universities—has the UGC got it wrong?
- * Sir Herbert Andrew discusses Boyle, Crosland, and the politics of education.
- * Polytechnic profile: No. 1.
- * B.Ed., 1971: a full analysis.
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PACKETS CARRY A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Inside track

The Reasons Why

WHY in the world did they pick a World XI to face the Australians without Geoff Boycott, John Snow and Alan Knott? Here's why.

[Boycott was neither asked nor considered by Donald Bradman and Co., the selectors. Boycott was passed over for three reasons—their unavailability, his refusal to surrender an innings and, we have it on impeccable authority, the confessed fear that he would so dissect the Aussie bowlers that they would have no tricks left for next summer's Test visit to England.

[Snow was not asked, although his Melbourne club, Carlton, are willing to release him for some games. Here again it is privately admitted that Snow is too much to handle. Australian batsmen must be saved at all costs from further ignominy against Snow's bouncers.

[Knott was asked, but declined. "I'm devoting the winter to finishing my book," Knott tells us. "It's now called Stumper's View. I may change it to Keeper's View." It's nice to get back to those thorny little dilemmas in cricket.

● QUOTE of the week, Eldon Griffiths, Minister for Sport, when opening the Warwick University Sports Centre: "It's that extra grain that matters."

The Shrinks

TWO CALIFORNIA psychologists have driven a plough through the "playing fields of Eton" theory that sport builds character. The pair, known as The Shrinks to their subjects, are Professors Bruce Ogilvie and Thomas Tutko of San Diego State College, who surveyed some 15,000 sportsmen over eight years before publishing their results in the current issue of *Psychology Today*. It makes grim reading, chaps.

"The personality of the ideal sportsman is not the result of any moulding process," they begin, "but comes out of the ruthless selection process that occurs at all levels of sport." The Shrinks go on to debunk the myth that sportsmen are natural leaders. On the contrary, they claim, sportsmen have a "low need to take care of others."



What's more, cold water is thrown on the myth that games players are naturally loyal. Sorry, say The Shrinks, sportsmen have a "low need of affiliation."

The pair claim, furthermore, that "competition doesn't seem to build character, and it is possible that competition doesn't even require much more than a minimally integrated personality." From this, The Shrinks' conclusion flows naturally. "Sports competition has no more beneficial effects (on character-building) than intense endeavour in any other fields."

It comes as no surprise, to read elsewhere, that The Shrinks were turned down when they applied to become psychology consultants to the US Olympic team.

● THE VIRAL HEPATITIS currently being suffered by the Oxford and Cambridge rugby captains—Cambridge's Phil Keith-Roach, especially ill, is still jaundiced and, we understand, making a very slow recovery—brings to the rather infamous relationship between sport and this liver disease. Despite assurance from a top British liver specialist that recovery should be complete after six months of illness, many sportsmen (e.g. Jimmy Greaves, Maria Bueno and cricketers Gordon Rorke and Slasher McKay) never fully rebounded from their hepatitis and their careers suffered.

Furthermore, Swedish orienteers bled their way into medical history a few years ago following an epidemic of the disease. It was discovered that these cross-country runners contracted serum hepatitis, which is transferred through contaminated blood, after each scratched his leg on the same bush and, afterwards, washed in the same tub of water.

Greaves, No More

JIMMY GREAVES, who has been our favourite footballer since we learned he always gave away rather than sold his compulsory Cup Final tickets, is off to the Middle East this afternoon. He'll join such International Club stars as Sir Stanley Matthews and Danny Blanchflower in a friendly against the Kuwait national XI. "I've got a bit fat," admits Greaves, who now weighs 11st 9lb, a half stone above his playing weight. "But I'm fit enough. I weigh-train and play squash a couple of times a week."

He hasn't seen a live professional match since he walked into the wilderness last spring. "My sport shop's got season passes to both Tottenham and West Ham and eventually I'll get around to watching one of them, one of these days. I've got too much work in the garden at the moment. The old leaves are beginning to fall."

On the subject of retirement, Greaves stands fast. "Nobody officially approaches me," he says. "They send me news-papers and I sound me out. If they want to sound me out, I'll sound them out. I'm retired." With that Jimmy Greaves aged 31, a bit fat, retired to his garden with his rake in his hand.



Ann Moore: putting the pressure on Smith and Broome

KEVIN MURPHY, whose ambition to swim long distances (600 miles so far this year) would challenge the competitive instincts of migrating blue whale, says rather lugubriously: "I'm just the dumb swimmer."

This is not false modesty on his part. He knows enough now about the excruciating agonies of his tremendous sea swims to be physically sick, mostly from fear, before he starts a new one. But the longer and more complex a swim becomes so the chances of its success are increasingly held to ransom by tides, winds, weather and the bloke in the little boat behind you with his chart and compass.

For his circumnavigation of the Isle of Wight—a course of 80 miles that took 26hr and 51min—Murphy could count himself fortunate to have had Eric the Navigator to steer his course. Mr Eric Vallentine, himself a noted sea swimmer and now general manager of a garden fencing com-

Murphy beats fear

pany in North London, plotted Murphy's route against a pessimistic background of two attempts that failed.

To most holidaymakers on the Isle of Wight one bit of sea looks much like another. To Vallentine its intricate coastal currents have all the bewildering problems of a railway system.

The idea was to send Murphy, boomerang fashion, westwards along the north coast from Ryde pier to the Needles. Here, the tide would turn on its tracks at a known hour and, in theory, push him back along the island's south-west coast towards St. Catherine's Point. In practice Murphy swam too fast to begin with, bowling passed Coves at 4 mph for four hours and reaching the Needles 11 hours too soon.

It meant his first serious opposition, butting against a current

A LITTLE over a month ago, the world champion David Broome, told Britain's new showjumping queen, Ann Moore: "To win is everything; to be second is even worse than secondary..." Telling for that was preaching to the converted, for it is Ann Moore. To see her in competition is to witness a single-minded pursuit of excellence in a sport where women can compete on level terms with men.

Her results in the Horse of the Year Show last week bore witness not only to her riding but her ability to sustain a high level of achievement.

On Monday, for example, coming from behind on Psalm, she dead-headed Broome's fast clear round to share the Budlin Trophy. She was also placed third in the same competition on her other horse, April Love. On Tuesday, she was third with Psalm in the Philips Electrical Championship. The day after she came second with April Love in the Leading Showjumper of the Year and third in the Daily Telegraph Cup. On Friday, on April Love again, she came third in the William Hanson Trophy. Yesterday she won the Calor Gas International on Psalm.

These performances together with Ann's riding in Europe throughout the summer, have earmarked her as the girl most likely to emulate the success of Pat Smythe a generation ago and become a national heroine. Certainly, in common with the other Anne, who spells her name with the royal "e," Ann Moore's coolness and determination have made her a very definite prospect for the 1972 Olympics.

The Munich Games loom large in her life and when she talks about them, she provides a first insight into her own special combination of toughness and good humour. "I would be very upset," she says, "if I felt I was worth a place and did not go to Munich. But the selectors have a difficult job and it isn't for me to

The other Ann

Ann Moore crowned a season of unsurpassed consistency abroad by capturing the European women's showjumping championship in August. Yet, until her impact on the Horse of the Year Show at Wembley last week, and her successful exposure on television, she had not been awarded proper recognition in this country, even though she is now a firm prospect for Olympic selection. A report by ROB HUGHES.



go around suggesting in public who they should pick. I try not to get involved."

At 21, she attributes her success not only to the approach, but to the backing and supervision of her father and mother. Her father, Norman, is the managing director of a vast Midlands engineering concern, who calls the triumvirate their "family forum."

To interview Ann, you have practically to join the group.

Ann says that she is not an emotional person (in disagreement with her mother). "Tension is there, I feel it, but I must stick to the plans father and I have worked out. But it is a great comfort to know there is someone to tell me when I've gone diabolically. I don't know about being protected. The way we are going at the moment, one day David Broome or Harvey Smith might win, the next day myself. I shall try not to give them the opportunity to pressurise me.

Competition is the essence of the sport and I'm as capable of putting on pressure as anyone else."

When she's riding Ann's blonde curls are scraped back into a knot. On a horse, and out of her riding clothes she is a pretty blue-grey-eyed girl, but most of her life is sternly functional, devoted to riding and schooling her two horses.

Psalm is placid and faithful, the "home-trained" bay gelding on which Ann won the European junior and women's titles, while April Love, her grey mare, is brave and impetuous but totally demanding on a rider who stands only 5ft 3in and rarely weighs much over eight stone. The manner in which she masters both, to the extent that she rode the Horse of the Year Show Finals consistently, is testimonial enough to the original decision of Ann's father when she was 15, to put her on the road to international show jumping, instead of going to a certain university place.

No one regrets the decision. Norman Moore claims his daughter is "coming through the finest finishing school in the world."

Ann often nods agreement when her father speaks. But she is more ready than her parents to admit to the loneliness—the isolation she feels even among her younger brothers and sisters (she is the

eldest of six and the only rider.)

"I don't have any social life. I wouldn't say I had any friends; I have no relation no, no close girl friends either to choose. Competing at this is absolute commitment. Occasionally the odd pang on a filthy night sitting on a horse getting drenched. But once committed one must be definite. I would think of any other girl I would."

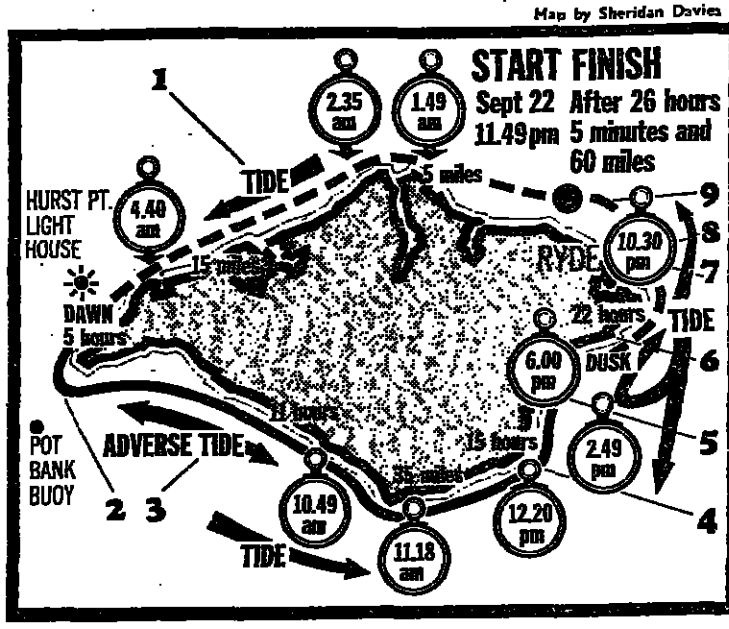
It is this perfectionist who has driven her on despite injury while schooling young horses included a broken skull.

The Olympics, probably with is certainly her next target, paramount one. "It is like mountain which flattens out at the top," Ann says. "I reached that plateau, but the class can only apply to so older than myself. People like Mancinelli, Smith and Broome on that plateau over a pe learn to do that."

Smith and Broome were who paid Ann the tribute of the ringside whenever her name last week. Alan Oliver, who ing Showjumper award, went relief was evident as Ann dis he strode up, lifted her in her a bear hug of a salute respect.

Popular in defeat, Ann was popular also in victory. "It's to be popular," she says, "place my own peace of mind people's ideas. If we felt so right, and it proved unpopo go our own way. ... would Norman Moore nodded prou

Raymond Brooks-Wan



- 1—Calm weather. Tide as advised to slow down to tide at Needles.
- 2—Needles reached 11.49pm 5 minutes and 60 miles.
- 3—Coastal fog obscured but continued on compass bearing.
- 4—Kevin swims close to shore escape adverse current.
- 5—Though main current eddy it was sweeping round here the swim was navigable.
- 6—Kevin swept away from current. Leg very painful.
- 7—Weak currents due to St Helen's Fort reach 11.5pm.
- 8—No Man's Land Fort, exhausted swimmer.

The modern ...

Brian James investigates the qualities that make a top footballer today

SINCE last March Football League clubs have spent £2,280,000 on new players. In the First Division alone 13 managers have paid out £1,663,000 in transfer fees—an average of nearly £130,000 apiece—with nothing to guide them but their own judgment.

No one buys a second-hand car for £1,000 or a house for £10,000 without looking carefully for signs of rust or dry rot. But at Crystal Palace manager Bert Head said recently: "There's no Glass's Guide for a second-hand forward."

The semi-serious drawing (right) is a guide to some of the signs talent scouts look for, to detect flaws in fitness, skill or character, but to learn more you must go to an expert like Ron Stuart, Chelsea's assistant manager and a former Blackpool manager.

Stuart is always likely to be interrupted by Chelsea manager Dave Sexton, who walked into his office one day recently with an apology for a typical interruption: "Sorry, Ron, but this is important. This youngster... he's supposed to be a cross between Bremner and Mackay. I think you'd better take a look... tomorrow."

Stuart looked at the name scribbled on a piece of paper and nodded. When Sexton left he said: "This is a fair example of what we have been talking about, isn't it. How you assess a player who is just a name?"

"I'll be working on him from the moment he steps on to the pitch. No, even earlier. I'll be listening hard in case anyone up there is talking about the lad."

"But when he does step out, I don't take my eyes off him. You can tell quite a bit about the way he runs out and in the kick about. Does he look the part, an athlete? Is he the right shape, a good mover? Take Bobby Charlton... you know he can play before he kicks a ball. Every time he makes it a footballer's movement."

"So before the game has even started you have an impression of your man. From then on everything he does answers one of the questions about him... or raises another one."

"Maybe he doesn't seem strong. Well, perhaps we can build him up. He made mistakes in tactics. Well, perhaps he's never been told. Perhaps he doesn't look keen and eager. Well, it could be he's just fed up with that club. You can do so much with players. Provided the quality is there."

Stuart mentioned that Arsenal spent £100,000 for Peter Marinello, then sent him into reserve-team football for a year while they built up his strength. "I've had to do that with other players. But there are other things you have to give them, apart from strength."

"Here at Chelsea, think of what we brought out of Ian Hutchinson. It was a different life to that he had known in the Southern League. But Charlie Cooke may be the best example. When he came down from Scotland his skills were superb, but he didn't know too much about team play. Dave Sexton has worked and worked with him. For knowledge of the game, he's twice the player now."

"Getting back to the man I'm watching it is astonishing what little incidents can tell you. If he gets a terrible whack, what does he do? If he starts slinging punches you don't mind. Of course, you don't want a hot-head, but you can get players to calm down. We had to do that

with Alan Ball at Blackpool. He was a terror when he was a kid. What we couldn't have done was to put his spirit there if it didn't exist."

"What you want to see is this bloke coming back and having a go at the man who clattered him. If he drifts to some other part of the pitch for the rest of the game, hiding, then forget him. Courage counts a lot."

"You look hard at your man, too, when he has made a blunder. He's missed a goal, say. Well, OK, he's entitled to hang his head in despair. But only for a bit. If his head goes down and stays, if he walks about looking moody all afternoon... well, I wouldn't want to know much more."

"And you have to ask yourself why he missed the goal. Bad aim or bad luck doesn't matter. We all make mistakes. But what if his technique was wrong, if he needed more time to shape himself for the shot, that he'll ever be likely to get? There are players who go through life looking unlucky and not quite reaching the top. But it's not luck, it's bad technique."

"All these small things help you answer the big question, can he play? That you can only answer by watching him and no one else in the game."

"Being one-footed doesn't matter—not if that one foot is like the left of Norman Hunter or Peter Simpson. Alan Birchhall was supposed to have only one foot, but all of them could do it with both—it was just that they preferred to use their best one."

"Vision is another thing. I am not talking about people like Pele, who is supposed to have his eyes set so far wide he can see all round him, but the vision of players who have the sense and awareness to know what is going on yards away."

"Look at this bloke Giles, at Leeds. You get the feeling that he knows where every one of the 22 players is standing every second of the match. It is this sort of vision you are looking for in your man."

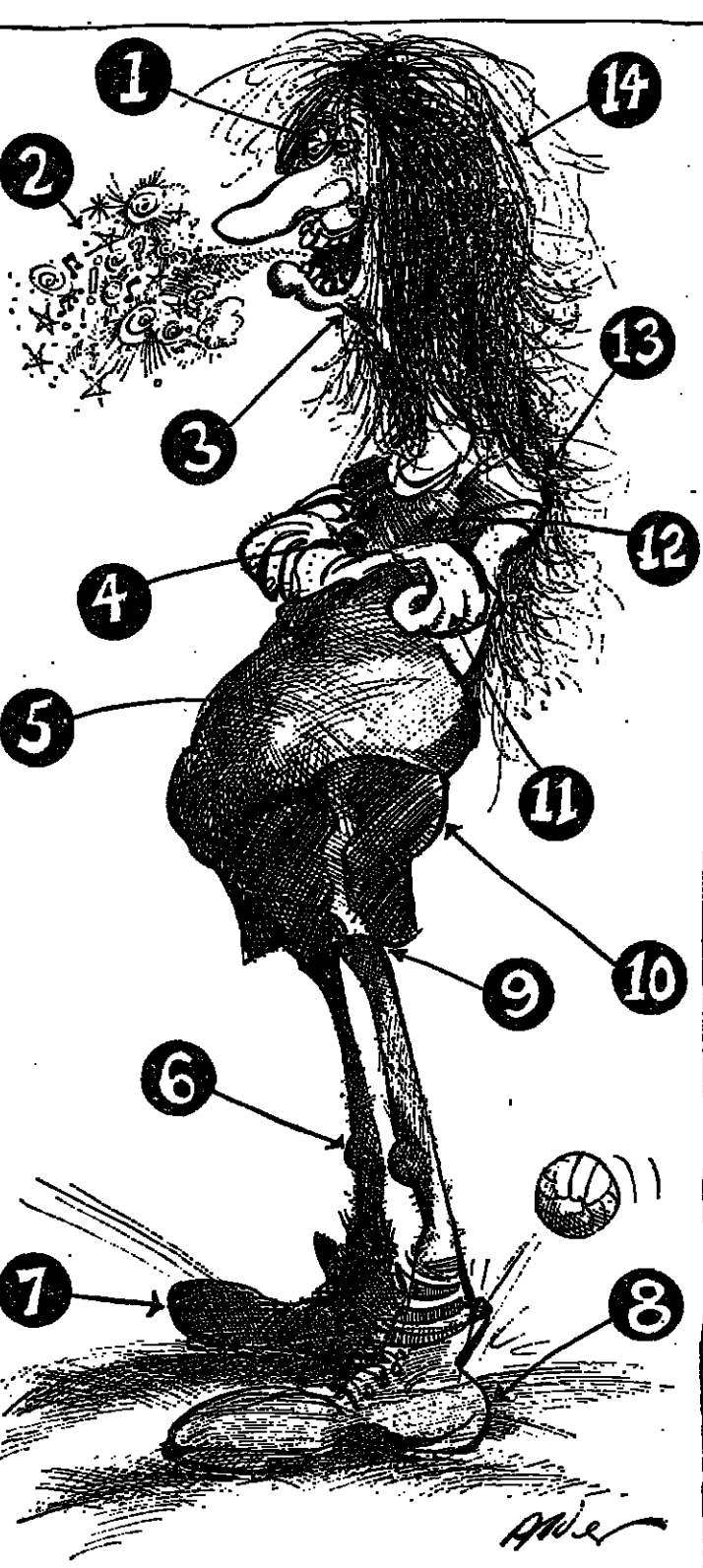
"The things he does with the ball are obvious, but often it is what he is doing with it that counts: more. At these matches I often miss goals... because I am watching one man. I am not bothered about the trouble his defence may be in. I'm more concerned about what he is trying to do to help them out."

"If he is a forward he should be moving about, keeping the defenders busy, making sure his own defence can find him with a pass as soon as they win the ball."

"Radford and Kennedy, there's a good example... they're playing all the time, even when Arsenal are being pushed. They move about, switching positions, keeping their markers guessing every minute."

"These are the sort of things I'd be looking for in a player. The little bits of professionalism that perhaps the public would never notice in a million years. And maybe you only have a game or two to make up your mind for the competition is hot. Yet you can't afford snap judgments. It is so easy to be wrong... either way."

I mean, look at some of the great players and ask how they would have measured up in the way we have been discussing. "That's what really worries you, how easy it is to be wrong. That's why you can't reject a player because of one doubt, or even several. All you can do is to go and see him again... and dig a little deeper."



How to spot your own star

1 THE EYES: Too many short passes, too much passing the way he happens to face may suggest he lacks vision—the sense he lacks awareness of possibilities elsewhere.

2 THE MOUTH: If he shouts to other players to encourage them, fine. If he shouts at them when he makes a mistake... perhaps he has shikier.

3 THE CHIN: If his chin drops watch him. This may suggest he gets too discouraged by failure.

4 THE LUNGS: How long before he gets a second wind? Stamina, too, counts high.

5 THE MIDRIF: A bulge here can mean he's temporarily overweight—or it can mean he's an incorrigible drinker.

6 THE KNEES: This is the joint that controls the swing and the shot. A laboured shooting action means missed goals.

7 THE TOES: Is he nimble and alert? Unless he can get to a ball half a yard sooner than the defence he is lost. A flat-footed forward is NO forward.

8 THE FEET: Many great players have had one great foot, but even so the other foot was something more than just something to stand on.

9 THE THIGHS: Here are the jumping muscles—can he leave two feet of daylight between boot-sole and the ground?

10 THE BACKSIDE AND HIPS: Strength and balance are here, but is he well-balanced enough to take a charge? And too obvious a seat could mean a lack of mobility.

11 THE FISTS: Clenched fists can mean tension. Is he always having to play flat-out? Good players have something in reserve.

12 THE HEART: When he has been hit and hurt by a rival, watch how long it is before he takes on the same man.

13 THE SHOULDERS: The build is vital for goal-getters. The slim means too easily knocked off his game—he must be either wide, or witty.

14 THE HAIRSTYLE: Long hair is no problem, but is this man TOO fashion conscious, a PLAYBOY?

... and the old player

Michael Parkinson meets Jimmy Logie and looks at the injustices suffered by yesterday's stars

LOVERS of great soccer players will be delighted to know that Jimmy Logie is alive and well and guarding Thames Television in the Euston Road. The thought of Jimmy Logie as a security officer will appeal to anyone who saw him play.

He was, figuratively speaking, a burglar on the football field, doing everything with stealth, unlocking the most impenetrable defences with quiet, ease and skill. The people who marked him would have made good security officers, the hard men like Jimmy Scoullar, who even today in mellow middle age, has about him the kind of look that makes strong men quake.

It is a curious piece of casting to find Scoullar is a successful and prosperous manager and Logie, all 5ft. 5in. and 10 stone of him the guard dog on a singularly valuable piece of real estate in Central London. But then fate has a strange way of dealing with our sporting heroes, particularly those from Logie's generation.

They were the players who sold their skill cheaply, who made 15 quid a week and looked forward to Easter because if they won the additional fixtures they earned £20. This was the generation that wore its hair short and its pants baggy and thought itself lucky if it ended up with an off-licence or a corner shop.

Today's soccer players, with their pop star image might as well have come from outer space for all they resemble Logie's generation. When one talks to someone like Logie, remembering the pleasure he gave, the thousands he entertained, the lasting memories he donated so freely, one experiences a sense of real outrage.

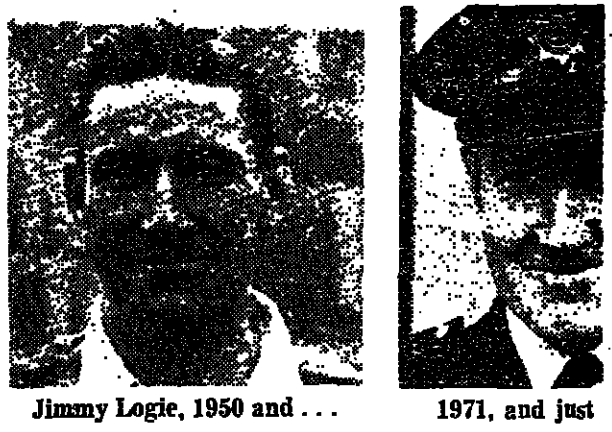
Someone cashed in on his skills, someone got fat on his rich talents, but he got next to nothing. He spent 16 years with Arsenal and never a man to accept a bad deal quietly.

He knew he had rare talent and he knew he was selling it cheaply but what could he do? He made one gesture by refusing to play in the Coronation Cup. The princely bonus of £2 hardly seemed worth turning out for. As he said: "In those days there were 30,000 turned away when Stanley Matthews didn't play. I used to look at those words 'packed the stadium and think I was the only star who earned less than the people who watched me."

He left Arsenal in an unhappy atmosphere and went into Southern League football. "Bloody hard work," he remembers.

When he retired he took a pub, then worked in a club owned by Malcolm Allison and ended up selling papers in Piccadilly. Nowadays the prospects are brighter. Being a security officer is a steady job and he likes it. He is not bitter about the old days, he just thinks he was born 20 years too soon. Apart from the money he fancies his chances as a midfield player in the modern game.

They talk about hard men nowadays as if they've just been invented. They should have sampled one or two who used to mark men like Jimmy Scoullar of Huddersfield. Now that Huddersfield team was the worst. It had 10 of them who kicked a bit.



Jimmy Logie, 1950 and... 1971, and just

The only one who didn't was Metcalfe, the left winger. I used to feel sorry for the poor sod because the opposition took it out on him.

In today's game Logie's skill would shine like a rare jewel, yet when he was in his prime he had a lot of competition. He was awarded only one Scottish cap, not because that was all he was worth but because players like Bobby Johnstone and Billy Steel were making them difficult to get.

As an attraction afterwards he was with such marvellous wards as Peter Doi, Hagan and Raich Ca he says, was the be the Jimmy Logie, m fully at the moder wonder how much have got for their cap, not because that was all he was worth but because players like Bobby Johnstone and Billy Steel were making them difficult to get.



For your winter holiday jump to the
Travel Pages 19, 23-26.

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